

LIGUORIAN

OCONOMOWOC, WISCONSIN

MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING

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Amongst Ourselves

Various opinions have reached us concerning the cover cut being currently used on *THE LIGUORIAN*. So far, the majority of them are favorable. One reader has asked: "What does it mean? What is the idea behind it?" The very questions constitute an unfavorable criticism because a cover cut should be so simple and clear as to carry its own interpretation directly to the mind. Anyway, the idea is this: The buildings, super-highways, bridges, traffic on the river and on the highways, represent modern American civilization, with its trend toward the cities, with its emphasis on money, on business, on bigness, in a word, on the material side of things. However, in the midst of all the colossal productions of the modern age, you still see the church, nestling down among them, capable of leavening all the activities of modern man for good, reminding him of the importance of his soul, the dignity of his destiny, and of his duty of accepting God's will and God's moral law. The table of contents superimposed upon the city scene, with its base resting on the church, signifies the fact that everything written in *THE LIGUORIAN* is in some way a reminder to human beings of their importance, no matter how small they may seem in the midst of the towering structures raised by their

hands, and a warning not to permit material things to rob them of remembrance of the spiritual values without which their civilization will crumble like buildings resting on sand. Moreover, the little symbol of the sower going out to sow his seed, reproduced in the lower left hand corner of the cover, has a dual significance. It is a reminder that food for the teeming cities must still come from the farms, which are more important than the cities; and it is also a reminder of the parable of the sower once utilized by Christ. The written word is only the sowing of seed. It may fall on hearts that are like rocks, or that are already overgrown with weeds, or that have no depths, and thus be wasted. It may also fall on good ground and bring forth fruit in abundance. *THE LIGUORIAN* hopes that its seed will fall on this last kind of ground.

Having had the opportunity of examining themselves for signs or causes of an approaching nervous breakdown through reading the article on that subject in this issue, readers will be able to look for and dig out the roots of any form of hysteria that may have taken hold in them by reading the third installment, in next month's issue, of the series called "Is Your Mind O. K.?"

A S K

For the List of Liguorian Pamphlets and Booklets. There is something for every type of person and for every kind of need.

The Liguorian

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THE **Liguorian**
a magazine for the lovers of good reading



Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy
and Religion, and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings

Why Be A Socialist?

The Socialists are very active these days, using an anti-Communist, liberalistic program as points of appeal. The above question is therefore appropriate.

R. J. Miller

THE Socialist Party of the United States has put out a snappy little booklet, about the shape of a railroad time table, only thinner and a little smaller—with a bright yellow cover and the two big white letters *q a*; and in fine print: *Your Questions Answered*.

Open the pamphlet, and on the inside of the cover page you get right down to work:

How much do you know about Socialism?

you are asked; and then you are told:

Socialism is the fulfillment of man's greatest quest. It is as old as Christianity, as new as the atomic age.

Read or glance through the booklet, and it will begin to seem that the Socialists of the USA really have something there. Some of its objectives and attitudes are for instance the living wage, in fact

"\$100 a week for every American family"; also "develop new industries", "build new homes", "working farmers will keep their own land", private property—"more than ever before . . . more food, more clothing, more homes and gardens, more furniture, more cars, radios, and refrigerators, more books"; "free speech, free assembly, free

press and radio, freedom of religion and freedom of organization for all political groups"; "absolutely democratic unions".

If all this is not "the fulfillment of man's greatest quest," it certainly offers the satisfaction of some very vital needs of the average man and woman at the present hour.

And if you wonder how the Socialist Party of the USA stands on Russia and Communism, the pamphlet tells you:

"Socialism is democracy; Russia is a dictatorship. The two are incompatible."

It is all very wonderful indeed; and yet to a Catholic who has had some acquaintance with the Popes' and the Catholic Church's social doctrine, it will have a rather familiar ring. Where did I hear that before? is the question that may be hovering in the back of his mind; and the answer is that the *objectives of the "Socialist Party of the USA" are in very many instances exactly the same as the objectives of the Catholic social program.*

Living wages, co-operatives, private property, new homes, free press and radio, absolutely democratic unions, incompatibility with Russian Communism,

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—all these have been the objects for which Catholics have been struggling, and for which in many instances they have gone to concentration camps and to death in the dictator countries—right down to the present day.

So when you turn back to the cover of the little Socialist pamphlet, and glance again at that “*q a*”, another bell may ring in your subconscious mind: *QA*—where did I hear *that* before? And the answer will come: Why certainly, that’s it; the Encyclical Letter of Pope Pius XI on the Reconstruction of the Social Order, called from its opening Latin words, “*Quadragesimo Anno*,” by the initials: *QA*!

And “as old as Christianity”—that’s right too, in a higher sense than the Socialist author of the little pamphlet realized: the objectives of this particular program of the Socialist Party of the USA are “as old as Christianity” for the simple reason that they *are* Christianity!

So why be a Socialist?

As Pope Pius XI said in that very Encyclical *QA*:

Such just demands and desires have nothing in them now which is inconsistent with Christian truth, and much less are they special to Socialism. Those who work solely toward such ends have, therefore, *no reason to become Socialists!* . . . Socialist claims, so far as they are just, are far more strongly supported by the principles of Christian faith and much more effectively promoted through the power of Christian charity.

For there are certain difficulties which may well arise if these objectives are left to the Socialist development rather than to that laid down in the social Encyclicals.

Granted that the Socialist Party of the USA is one of the most valiant and vocal enemies of Communism in the country today, there is another spectre

besides Communism which has haunted mankind in recent years.

Both Hitler and Mussolini started out as Socialists. The “*NSDAP*”—National *Socialist* German Workers’ Party—was Hitler’s party right down to the end. Syndicalism, one special kind of Socialism, was Mussolini’s original party. Both were violently anti-Communist. Yet when they came to power, both turned totalitarian.

What guarantee do we have that the Socialist Party of the USA would resist the temptation to go down the totalitarian road of Hitler and Mussolini if in turn it came to power in the United States?

Well, the Socialists probably have a good answer to that one, especially the Socialists or “*Liberals*” such as William E. Bohn, Liston M. Oak, William Henry Chamberlain of the excellent anti-Communist *New Leader* (and perhaps it should be said here that in the United States today the people who call themselves “*Socialists*” and the people who call themselves “*Liberals*” hold very much the same political and social views, and above all else an attitude that is anti-Communist and anti-totalitarian): “We have come to learn the value of the individual man and woman during the days of the European dictatorships. The human being has dignity, imprescriptible rights, inviolable liberty.”

Very well; but that brings up a still greater difficulty against Socialism minus Catholicism.

Why is the human individual such a wonderful creature?

As a mass of matter, he is worth something like 98c on the chemical market (unless prices have gone up a few cents since the war).

As an intelligent being he is prone to selfishness, pettiness, craft, cruelty,

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malice, and even incredible depravity.

What is there that Socialism minus Christianity finds in this freak or this fiend to exalt him above even the power of government, and make him the center and the sun of the universe? What is it that they suggest to make "dignity", "rights", "liberty", more than mere words?

The fact is that unless they appeal to the teaching of Christianity, they can suggest nothing. If what Christianity teaches about the individual is not true, then Stalin is right, and the protests of the Liberals and the Socialists are only the sentimental wailing of a bourgeois attachment to the instinct of self-preservation. Man without Christianity is only a cog in the machinery of the community. If he runs well, let him run; but if he gets rusty, or he seeks to become more than a cog, throw him on the junk pile in Siberia; liquidate him, and use his hide to make a lamp shade. Whatever you do, don't waste any tears or energy bemoaning his fate. He's nothing to you. He's only a cog in the machine; and there are a lot more where he came from.

It takes the Christian view of life to put meaning in that phrase "human dignity", and place man among the stars, above conquerors and almighty dictators.

Why?

Because in the Christian view of life, every single human being has an immortal soul that came *directly* from the power and wisdom of the infinite Being, and a destiny that is not human or finite, but infinite and divine. He may, it is true, abuse the great gifts of his soul to turn into a sinner or a pervert, and a futile everlasting failure. But this does not change the fact that his origin was divine. For human life does not originate as a mere biological phenomenon. Human life begins when God

Almighty creates directly and immediately, out of His infinite resources and with full intelligence and sublimely wise purpose, an immortal soul. No accident, that; whether it be Adam in the garden of Paradise, the king's son in the royal palace, or a half-witted illegitimate child in the slums, the soul, the intelligent and free soul and life of the human being, comes directly, without the slightest intermediary, only on the material invitation placed by the parents, from the creative power of the Lord of the dictators and the stars.

And more than that. The individual human being is not only the direct and "made to order" product of the divine power of God, he also has a *divine destiny*. The half-wit in the slums as well as the king's son in his palace is made for no mere finite joy or triumph. His capacity for bliss is infinite; and to earn that infinite bliss, to exploit his infinite capacities, is the fundamental reason for human existence on this planet.

Incredible? Paradoxical?

Just as paradoxical as you please; but *it is the literal teaching of the Catholic Church on the meaning of human life.*

And with what a world of meaning it fills the phrase—so often used as a meaningless oratorical expression, or a wishful catchword, or a feeble dim groping for the majestic truth:—**HUMAN DIGNITY!**

There are other things too. A human being—any human being—is not merely the masterpiece of God's natural creation, and the beloved for whom a mansion is fashioned in heaven. He is the sinner who was loved unto death by God in human form, and by Him endowed with strange new life and powers above the realm of nature; made a Son of the great God Himself; made to feed on the flesh of a God-Man, and to be

the chosen dwelling place and home of the Sacred Spirit of God and the living Triune God.

The casual Socialist or Liberal reader of these lines may at this point, with all the best will in the world, feel like one who gazes dizzily from some height at a prospect of towering mountains, too lofty and too far reaching to be enjoyed comfortably even from a distance. But his experience and his dizziness are not unique. Even "fervent Catholics" (as the phrase goes), even the Saints of God, have never been able to understand the mystery of human dignity; or to get a bird's eye view, as it were, of the magnificent spectacle of mountain range on mountain range of distinction and dignity that the Almighty has raised up in the human soul. And no wonder; for human dignity is something divine.

And now our Socialist may be downright squirming with discomfort. "*Why drag religion in, and keep dragging it in, this way?*"

Very well; let us leave religion out. Man was not created a living intelligent soul by God's infinitely loving and personal act; he has no destiny beyond the grave; he does not mean a thing to his Maker, any more than an ape or a jackass or a germ, in this world or in the next.

So sell his chemical content for what the market will bring, and make a handbag out of his hide; send him to Dachau or Siberia, or torture him to death in Moscow. Who cares? Small loss; there are a lot more where he came from!

Yes, says our Liberal or Socialist friend, but what about *liberty*?

Very well, what about it?

If this mass of diseased matter in the form of a freak or a fiend, or this petty bourgeois or proletarian with the pitiful, desperate will to live, if he happens

to be endowed also with a strange power called liberty,—what of it? How does that add to his stature, except to make him more dangerous to the State, or to the political clique in power? All the more reason for the strong to crush the weak!

But if that liberty is a sacred trust from God; if it is a divinely conferred power to choose heaven instead of hell, and to work for everlasting, unimaginable bliss; if, in short, it is man's way of wooing God Almighty,—then, indeed, the weakest on earth has a faculty and a distinction that entitle him to defy the strong, and the strong of this world with all their strength are puny before the gigantic stature of the human spirit, and to lay the hand of tyranny upon it is to commit a sacrilegious outrage.

That freedom can be distorted and abused indeed; but only the human individual, master of his freedom, can abuse it. God Himself, its Author, still "treats it with great reverence," as Pope Leo XIII said in *Rerum Novarum*. Even when the human being turns it into ways of pettiness and greed, of craft and cruelty and depravity, and brings upon himself in consequence death, war, or everlasting hellfire, God still looks up to it with reverence as to something too lofty and too sacred for even Him to intervene to move it against its own free choice. He lays His gifts before it,—Heaven and life everlasting—and then stands back to let it choose. Too high it towers, too delicate in its structure and too mighty in what it works for even the Master of the galaxies to interfere—except by way of rare and miraculous dispensation—in its own free guidance of its course.

Such is the Christian view of human liberty. It is not a sentimental attachment to one's own sweet will; not even

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a mere sympathetic feeling for the victims of the world's tyranny. It is a matter of exact logic rising into inspiration on the basis of the fundamental position and structure of human liberty among the works of God's creation.

So again, why become a Socialist?

For disillusioned Communists—such as some of the writers in the *New Leader*—it is true that Socialism offers a kind of temporary shelter where they can keep their humanitarian ideals, if they are not particular about why they are keeping them. For others, Socialism is a limbo of weary or timid intellects, weary or timid, that is, of finding a rational basis for their noble ideals. For still others, it is a "good fight," without the dirty work of Communism nor the hampering logic and rules of Christianity; a program without a philosophy of its own. But Socialism is no place for a man or a woman who will not be satisfied with compromise or

half measures or activity for activity's sake. Such a one will find Socialism—for all the "Socialist programs" and "programs for Liberals" that appear so regularly in the pages of the *New Leader*,—finally unsatisfactory.

Socialism and modern Liberalism are constantly trying to discover programs for the remedying of the misery of the poor, and for the reconstruction of the social order. But in 1891 Pope Leo XIII gave the world his *Rerum Novarum* with the express object of presenting a "remedy for the misery of the poor"; and in 1931 Pius XI drew up the supreme blueprint, in his *Forty Years After*, for the "reconstruction of the social order."

There is no need to discover a program; what is needed is the tough-mindedness and the greatheartedness to discover the program laid down by the Popes, and to work for its realization.

So why be a Socialist?

Geography of Saints

A recent news item affords the remarkable information that at least 350 American cities have the names of saints of the Church. California, in addition to 52 cities named after saints, has 11 counties similarly named. Ranking next to California is Texas with 21, Minnesota and Missouri each have 18, and New Mexico is credited with 16. St. John is the name of no fewer than 22 cities; there are 15 named after St. Joseph and 14 apiece for St. Mary and St. Charles. Besides these there are half a dozen or more towns named after Saints Francis, George, Louis, Clair, Anthony, Michael and James. Add to these, four cities named Sacramento, two called Holy Cross, and 11 named after the Holy Trinity, and you have imposing evidence as to the part Catholics played in our national foundations.

No Bars to Charity

A priest friend of ours working for the colored in St. Louis relates the following incident.

Just before Christmas the Sisters in a colored school were preparing a list of needy families, the idea being that individuals and groups would supply these families with baskets of food. Naturally, it was colored families that the Sisters had in mind, but charity knows no racial lines, and one of the girls in the school turned in the name of a young mother and her two babies, remarking as she did so:

"She's a lovely person, Sister, but her husband came back from the army and was such a drunkard that he finally deserted her and the children. She is white, Sister, but I thought perhaps we could help her anyway."

There is a certain type of Catholic who should ponder this story well.



Three Minute Instruction

On Trying To Be Perfect

It was not intended by Christ that His followers should be content with the minimum amount of service required for the salvation of their souls. He wanted all to try continually to be perfect according to their state in life. He said to all: "Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect." He said: "Let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven." In many other ways He made known His will that all who believe in Him should try to grow in holiness and virtue. The perfection he desires of His disciples means two things:

1. It means freedom even from venial sin. Too many Christians limit their fear of sin to mortal sin only, in practice making little effort to overcome daily tendencies to venial sin. They are content to remain addicted to the smaller sins of profanity in speech, anger and impatience, lying, petty stealing, unkind conversation about others, wilful distractions at prayer, etc. Such sins frequently lead to mortal sin; they give scandal to the non-Catholic world; but above all their frequent commission keeps the soul in a state of imperfection and mediocrity that signifies gross indifference to the will of Christ.

2. It means positive growth in virtue and in friendship and union with Christ. Virtue is promoted in a Christian by growth in understanding and by repeated acts of virtue. Some persons have no interest in learning more and more about the various virtues, and thus they do not know how to "grow." Others permit selfishness, human respect, and passion to impede their practice of virtue. Union with Christ means not only living in sanctifying grace, but striving to increase sanctifying grace by a growing spirit and habit of prayer and by frequent reception of the Sacraments. It also means striving to remain more and more consciously united to Christ through frequent good intentions, acts of thanksgiving and expressions of love and praise.

Perfection in these senses is the proper goal of every true Christian. The power of the true faith to transform the world and to win converts would be immeasurably increased if only more and more Christians would at least make the effort to reach that goal.

Is Your Mind O. K.? (II)

Here is a description of the most common of all forms of mental breakdown — neurasthenia. See if you are afflicted with it, as thousands are without knowing it.

H. J. O'Connell

THE offices of medical practitioners the world over are besieged by men and women who are haunted by the fear that they have heart trouble, cancer, ulcers, and countless other diseases. They complain of palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, dizziness, excessive fatigue, inability to concentrate, digestive troubles of every sort, headache, backache, and aches of all kinds. It is true that in many cases there is a physical basis for these symptoms. Human beings undoubtedly do have diseased hearts, kidneys, lungs, and other organs. However, in the case of a very great number of men and women who spend their time and money running from one doctor to another, there is no evidence of physical defect or organic disease to account for the symptoms of which they complain. The heart, lungs, kidneys, and other organs are found, after the most thorough examination, to be perfectly normal. The truth is that these people are victims of a nervous, rather than a physical disorder. This does not mean that there is anything physiologically wrong with the nerves. Beneath a microscope the nerves of these men and women would appear just as sound as those of one enjoying perfect health. However difficult it may be to make them understand this, their bad health and the various symptoms of which they complain are the result of mental, rather than physical causes. They are, to use the technical term, *neurasthenic*. The real basis of their trouble is an unresolved emotional conflict. To realize how frequently these emotional

causes are at work in the lives of those who complain of bad health, it is enough to read the estimate of a noted authority, who judges that from 60% to 70% of medical practice is made up of nervous and mental disorders, either as total cause or as a contributing factor.

The chief symptom of neurasthenia is fatigue, either mental or physical, accompanied by an abnormal awareness of various bodily processes, such as the pounding of the heart, the beating of the pulse in the head or throat, the movements of the digestive organs, or tenseness of the muscles. Thus, a student, after a long year of study, may come to the school authorities just before the examinations, declaring: "I think I am very sick. I'm all worn out. I have no appetite, and even when I manage to get some food down, it causes terrible attacks of indigestion. My abdomen feels bloated. I haven't had a good night's rest in weeks, and in the morning I am so tired that it is almost impossible to get up. When I try to study, I just can't concentrate. I can't go on this way. There's no use in my taking the examinations, because I would only fail. I think this may all be due to my appendix. If I had that removed, maybe I'd feel better."

Victims of neurasthenia may think they have any disease under the sun. They draw up detailed lists of symptoms, all indicating an intense awareness of the body, its aches and pains and processes. Even though assured by the physician, after every reasonable examination, X-ray, and test, that

there is nothing physically wrong with them, they will not accept the verdict. They run off to another doctor, and begin the expensive procedure once again. They answer patent medicine ads in the newspapers and magazines, and take up every new health fad that is advanced. As a result, they are the favorite game and form the chief source of income of medical quacks and fakers. If a competent physician proves that they do not have one disease, they will be sure they have another. "If it's not my appendix, then it must be ulcers," is their attitude. Hearing the symptoms of any disease described, they immediately conclude that they have that disease. These men and women simply will not believe that they have no bodily disease. "I know how badly I feel, and you can't convince me that I am not sick," is their response. They are indeed sick. The symptoms they complain of are often really present. But their sickness has a mental, rather than a physical cause.

What is the real cause of this troublesome condition? Certainly, physical weakness, malnutrition, lack of sleep, overwork, and chronic disease can be contributing causes. They supply the symptoms upon which the neurasthenic can fasten his attention. But the chief cause is mental, and is to be found in an *unresolved mental conflict*. Two strong desires are tugging at the individual. They are mutually incompatible. Hence a decision would involve the relinquishing of one or the other of these desires. But the person cannot bring himself to make this decision. He wants, consciously or subconsciously, to keep and gratify both desires. As a consequence of the pull of these opposing tendencies, each of which is exerting a strong emotional force, the man is in a state of continual mental conflict. *From this the neurasthenic*

attempts to escape by attention to his bodily processes, by diverting his mind to the consideration of bodily symptoms. These symptoms may be perfectly normal, such as the beating of the heart, or the movement of the intestines, which the ordinary person automatically disregards. Or they may be the result of a defective physical condition, caused by overwork, malnutrition, or disease, but are magnified out of all proportion by being made the center of attention. When a person has a headache, for example, if he applies himself to some interesting work, or goes for a walk, he can often forget about the headache until it disappears. On the other hand, if he sits down and holds his head in his hands, moaning and groaning, the headache will seem all the worse because it is occupying all the attention. Again, the physical symptoms may be the direct effect of the emotional conflict itself. As will be explained, emotional conditions, such as fear, anger, desire, tend to produce bodily changes, tensing of the muscles, quickening of the heartbeat, modifications of the digestive system. The neurasthenic fastens his attention on the bodily change, rather than on the emotional condition which has produced it.

It is important, therefore, to distinguish between the bodily symptoms and the abnormal awareness of these symptoms. The nervousness, irritability, insomnia, fatigue, and exhaustion, which are the chief symptoms of the neurasthenic, are caused by excessive emotion, by the mind being continually at cross purposes. The symptoms, as has been stated, are not merely imaginary. They are really present. Hence it will do no good to say to the patient: "There's nothing wrong with you." There is something wrong with him; but it is of emotional, not physical

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origin. The abnormal awareness of the bodily symptoms, called *hypochondria*, is the method used by an introspective person to escape from the emotional conflict resulting from unfulfilled desires. The individual diverts his mind from attention to the conflict to the consideration and cure of the physical conditions which accompany it. Thus the physical symptoms become the substitute for his unfaced problems. He becomes aware of these bodily conditions, and, since he does not understand their true cause, attributes them to some disease. In this way, he diverts his attention, at least temporarily, from the conflict in his life, and escapes for the time being from making a decision about it. The contemplation of his physical symptoms is not pleasant; but it is more attractive for him than facing the conflict in his life. There are compensations, too, in this procedure, such as the attention which the doctor pays him, interesting new medicines to take, tests to undergo, and sympathy from relatives and friends. Moreover, the development of these physical symptoms sometimes relieves the person of unpleasant duties.

To illustrate how this condition can develop in an individual, we may take the case of the student previously mentioned. Actually, a life-long feeling of inferiority was at the root of his trouble. He was ambitious for success, and desired to achieve distinction in his scholastic work. However, his abilities were not sufficient to make him the shining success which he longed to be. Try as he might, even by the most intense application, he could never rise much higher than average in the class. The students with more brilliant talents surpassed him without much apparent effort. Consequently, a feeling of discouragement began to take hold of him. What was the use of trying? No matter

how hard he tried, he could never reach a high position in the class. Here he was, working his head off, sacrificing good times and parties, while the ones who went out and enjoyed themselves got all the honors just the same. His condition was aggravated by the fact that an older brother, naturally more gifted, had completed a very successful scholastic career in the same university, and was constantly being held before him as an example. The student could not bring himself to face the fact that his abilities were only average, that he could not expect to be among the first in the class, or come up to the marks set by his more talented brother. Hence he kept up the unequal struggle. At the same time, the discrepancy between his ambitions and his actual achievements haunted him. Thus, he was in a state of continual tenseness and emotional conflict, stubborn pride and ambition battling discouragement and the desire to give up. This constant state of emotional conflict and the overwork to which he subjected himself, by a natural process, began to interfere with his digestion. He suffered distress after meals. His abdomen felt bloated. The discomfort and his habitual tension kept him from sleeping. Lack of sleep and the prospect of facing another day of battle with himself made it very difficult to get up in the morning. His physical state and emotional struggle made concentration well nigh impossible. The student then fastened upon these physical symptoms as a way out of the conflict. If he were really sick, if his indigestion came from a bad appendix, no one could blame him for not doing well in his studies. Nor would he be forced to face the fact and admit to himself that his lack of success was due to inferior talent. How can anyone study if he is sick all the time? If he were only well, then he would show

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them! He would be right up with the leaders. But in the meantime, there is no use taking the examinations, because he can't study properly for them. Thus he escapes the prospect of doing poorly in the examinations without deflating his ego.

Or again, we may take the example of a housewife who is dissatisfied with the routine and monotony of her daily duties. She is a woman of very real talents, and might, if given the opportunity, have become a brilliant scholar or social leader. However, the circumstances of life do not afford her an outlet for these abilities. Coming from a poor family, she was forced to leave school and work in a factory, while her less able companions went on to high school and college. She married a laboring man, and life for them has been pretty much of a struggle for existence, with not much chance for the higher and more beautiful things for which she is by nature so well adapted. She struggles along for a time as best she can, doing her household duties, caring for the children, trying to better the family's condition. But always there is gnawing at her an inward discontent and dissatisfaction, the cause of which she does not recognize herself. At length, perhaps after years of conflict, her health begins to break under the strain. Physical symptoms, such as those previously described, manifest themselves. She turns her attention to them as an escape from the monotonous and humdrum duties that make up her daily life. Being sick, she cannot be expected to go on scrubbing floors, washing dishes, cooking meals. The children will have to take over. The husband will have to help. There are visits to the doctor, where she gets some of the attention she craves, and feels herself something special. There are prescribed rest periods when she can

read or go to the theater, and thus get into her life some of the beautiful things for which she has been longing. In this manner, she avoids facing the fact that the hard, grim realities of her life will never fulfil her vaguely conscious desires of social position, success, and self-expression.

It has been stated that the physical symptoms in neurasthenia are to a great extent due to emotional conflict. How does this come about? In answer to this question, it may be pointed out that human emotions, such as fear, anger, desire, automatically cause changes in the body. In the face of danger, the muscles tense, the heart beats more quickly, breathing becomes more rapid, the blood pressure rises. These are natural reactions to the emergency, resulting chiefly from the working of the so-called ductless glands. There is, for example, above each kidney a small gland, shaped like a cocked hat, which secretes a chemical substance, or hormone, called *adrenalin*. This adrenalin is a chemical of such remarkable potency that it is perceptible in water though present only in the proportion of one part to three hundred million! Under the stress of emotion, it is poured into the blood, and produces very definite physical reactions. It quickens the heartbeat, heightens the blood pressure, speeds up the rate of respiration, makes the blood clot more readily, increases the sugar in the blood, and halts the movements of the stomach and intestines. All this is nature's provision to meet the danger which threatens the life of the human being or animal. The whole energy of the body is diverted to the muscles to cope with the external foe. If the danger is met and disposed of, all returns to normal. The muscles relax, the internal organs take up their regular functions. However, with human beings, especially in the complex cir-

cumstances of modern life, the cause of the emotion may be present for long periods of time. It is not merely a matter of escaping from a wild animal, and then going to sleep in a cave. The student in the case described was constantly faced with the discrepancy between his desire of success and his failure to achieve this success. The housewife had to take up every day her unsatisfactory duties. Consider, too, the emotional strain in the life of a young couple who are very much in love, but are prevented by circumstances from marrying. Or that of a God-fearing woman whose husband insists on using contraceptives. Or, again, that of a man with a family dependent on him, who fears losing his job. In all these instances the emotion is prolonged, the physical effects of emotion are more or less continually present, and exhaustion results. The person, not realizing the cause of his physical condition, attributes it to some disease. He may even use it as a substitute for the real cause of his trouble, or make it a means of escape from facing and deciding the conflict of desires which is at the basis of the physical symptoms. Ordinarily, this does not happen all at once. Neurasthenia usually develops gradually. The individual may face the difficulty for a time, and carry on bravely. But at length exhaustion sets in, and the physical symptoms perpetuate themselves, even when the object causing the emotion is not present in consciousness. The person then turns his attention to his physical condition, and seeks for some disease which may be its cause. Strange to say, when some outlet is temporarily provided, the exhaustion and other physical symptoms may disappear. The student who is too exhausted to study, or the housewife who is too tired to wash the dishes, may perk up immediately if a trip to the

movies or a ride in the family automobile is mentioned. In fact, this quick disappearance of the symptoms when pleasant diversion is provided is one of the best signs that the condition is emotional, rather than physical. Serious organic diseases, such as stomach ulcer or cancer, will not be relieved by a simple diversion.

What should one do, if he recognizes himself, or is told by a competent authority, that he has a tendency to neurasthenia? First of all, he must make sure that no organic disease is present. Ulcers, gall-stones, sinus trouble, and other physical disorders need medical attention. Hence the preliminary step must be to consult a physician and have the necessary tests made. If the examination proves negative, as it will in very many cases, the next step must be one of re-education. The person must convince himself that if the trouble is due to emotional causes, drugs, treatments, and operations will afford no more than temporary relief. The cure should reach the cause, and not restrict itself to the symptoms. Indeed, the very realization that the bodily disorders are caused by emotional strain, rather than physical disease, is an immensely important step in the right direction. As an aid to convincing oneself that this is true, an understanding of how emotional conflict can produce physical symptoms, as explained above, will be of service.

But the most important thing is to discover and remove the emotional conflict which is at the basis of the trouble. Is there, for example, in the personality an excessive desire for security, success, social position, or wealth, beyond what is really attainable in the circumstances of life? Are there marital difficulties, unsettled love affairs, unresolved sex problems? If these, or other similar sources of conflict are discovered, the person must frankly and openly bring

the conflict before the bar of reason, and by reflection, counsel, and prayer, decide what is the reasonable viewpoint and the proper course of action. All the light available from one's own common sense and experience of life, from the advice of prudent counselors, and from the great truths of religion must be utilized. Thus, for example, the student mentioned above must face the fact that his scholastic abilities are only average, that he cannot expect the same success in this field as those who are naturally far more gifted. He must be brought to realize that this is no disgrace for him. Men do not measure out their own talents. These are given to them by God with infinite wisdom and love, to accomplish the precise work that His Providence has set for them. Each man has all the abilities necessary for the task that has been assigned to him. The man who has received only one talent is not expected to do the same work as one who has been given ten. To fight against reality, to refuse to recognize the truth because it is not just what the person wants it to be, to rebel against the Will of God, will result only in being broken on the wheel of life. After all, it may be added, temporal success and human accomplishments are of little account in the light of eternity, and in comparison with the tremendous spiritual destiny which God has in store for all men of good will. The young man in question can arrive at mental peace by accepting the gifts that have been given to him, which may, indeed, in their own line be greater than those of his more scholastic companions, and utilizing them in constructive fields, in accordance with the opportunities afforded by the circumstances of his life, for his own welfare and that of his fellowmen. Good bricklayers, mechanics, and grocery clerks are necessary for society, as well as brilliant professors.

Or take the case of the housewife who is rebelling against the humdrum duties of her daily life. It will do her no good to refuse to face the fact that social prominence and the excitement of public life are for her impossible of attainment. By the Providence of God, Which orders all things for the best, she is a wife and mother. Her glory and success must consist chiefly in the ruling of her home and the education of her children. Nor should she forget that the work of a wife and mother, even though made up for the most part of monotonous and unglamorous tasks, is just as necessary and important as careers which receive the applause and attention of the world. To sweep a floor or wash a dish, when it is God's Will, is more glorious in a truly human sense, and far more meritorious, than to build bridges or rule an empire by one's own will. It is true that such an attitude requires faith and confidence in God, humility, and the spirit of sacrifice. But without these virtues there can be no abiding peace or happiness in human life. Having faced and settled this problem in the light of faith and common sense, the woman can go on to find what outlet for her talents and aspirations her circumstances allow. Even the busiest person, by the use of a little foresight and planning, can have a certain amount of leisure time. This she can utilize to read worth-while books, apply to music, take an excursion now and then, visit an art museum, or have tea with interesting friends. But, of course, the ambition of every mother should be principally to develop a contented, happy home, and to train her children in the ways of virtue. Through them she can realize many of the desires for better things, which by force of circumstances she was denied.

Cases could be multiplied; but the principles are the same for all. The person must try to discover the cause of the

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emotional conflict in his life. He should then face the issues frankly and judge them in the light of faith and common sense. Whatever is faulty in the situation should be remedied as far as possible. What cannot be remedied must be accepted with humility, confidence in God, and the spirit of sacrifice, and compensation found by directing desire and activity to useful and satisfactory fields. The following of these principles will make for a well-adjusted person, whose mind and heart have found that measure of peace which is possible in a life that is essentially a time of trial.

Of course, one must not expect that perfect adjustment will be attained all at once. The neurasthenic condition has developed over a period of years. It may likewise take years to overcome it completely. Each man must learn to be patient with himself, as well as with others. What is important is that the person be steadily making progress in the right direction, gradually but surely adjusting himself to the problems of life. In the meantime, there will be hours of difficulty and of emotional stress. At such times, one must briefly recall the

principles that have been adopted, quiet fear and anxiety by a determined effort of will, make use of the comfort afforded by religion, and take the proper rest and recreation. The mind should be distracted from the object awakening the harmful emotion, and an effort made to relax. Relaxation, it should be remembered, does not necessarily mean going to bed, but is the temporary and volitional abandonment of worry and responsibility. A walk in the country, a baseball game, an hour of music, or a chat with friends, may well afford a tense, nervous person more relief than going to bed with his worries. Sedative drugs should be used only when really needed, and with the advice of a physician. As a rule, it is better not to employ drugs at all. For the keynote of treatment is not the remedy of the physical symptoms, but of the emotional conflict which is their cause. This is effected chiefly by re-education along the lines indicated. The struggle may be long and difficult; but it is well worth while, if it results in the development of a well-adjusted, balanced personality, which can meet the problems and hardships of life without being broken.

Faultless Translation

A Negro in a certain southern state reported at the appointed place in order to register for his vote. The clerk gave him a passage of English to read—a routine literacy test. The Negro read it. Instead of being registered, he was handed a passage of French. Since he was a modern language instructor in a colored college, he could read that too. Next came a passage of German. He read that.

Finally the clerk wearily handed over a passage which the colored man recognized as Russian, although he was unable to read it.

"What does that say?" the clerk asked.

The Negro handed it back with the remark:

"It says I can't vote in this state."

Wallace Stegner.

Blessing the Sneeze

The universal custom of saying "God bless you" or "Gesundheit" upon hearing someone sneeze is said to have arisen in the time of St. Gregory the Great. While he was Pope, a great plague swept over Italy, and repeated sneezing was one of the signs that an individual was about to be seized by the disease, which in very many cases proved fatal. The saint instituted a short benediction to be said whenever anyone began to sneeze in this way.



Character Test (52)

L. M. Merrill

On Human Respect

Like many terms that can be used to express moral qualities, human respect is one that can be given a good and bad interpretation. Defined as a reasonable regard for the opinion and estimate that good people have of us, it can be a safeguard of virtue, a help to charity, and a means of avoiding undue singularity of habit and action. But in its bad sense, which is the sense in which it is usually used, human respect is the habit of being more concerned over and more directly influenced by the opinions and views of other human beings than by the commands of God Himself and the requirements of religion and virtue. The victim of human respect measures his conduct primarily by the effect he feels it will have on other people, even in those situations in which the approval or disapproval of others clearly involves flouting the approval or disapproval of God.

Both sins of commission and sins of omission are frequently motivated by human respect. Many a person takes part in obscene conversation, not primarily because he particularly likes that sort of thing, but because he fears to be ridiculed if he does not join in. Drunkenness is often the result of human respect; a man feels he has to continue drinking with others, not for love of the drink itself, but to be considered "a good fellow" by others. Husbands and wives (the latter especially) take up the sinful practice of contraception often for no other reason than human respect; they feel that their friends and neighbors may ridicule them if they have more than two or three children.

It is even easier to omit necessary good actions out of human respect than to commit the bad. Catholics miss Mass on Sunday because they don't want to offend guests, or because they are on a trip with non-Catholics who might think them peculiar if they insisted on going to Mass. It is very easy to let human respect inspire silence in the face of bitter attacks against one's religion, or when a third party is being unjustly criticized and condemned. It is easy, too, to give the impression that one has no interest in religion, in the presence of those who have no time for it themselves.

Human respect is a bad blot on any character. It marks spiritual stagnation and sterility, and can purchase for one all the pains of hell.

Career Women

The one career the publicists forgot to mention, when they showed that most women are unhappy in their careers today.

E. F. Miller

OUR only purpose in writing this piece is to supplement another piece, pictured in *Life* magazine in a recent issue, and insinuating the idea that women are quite dissatisfied with themselves these days because they either have too much to do or they have too little to do, or because they do not like what they have to do whether it is too much or too little. In pursuing this subject *Life* presents a picture gallery of the various positions that modern women can occupy, such as a full-time career, a part-time career, a housewife, an office-worker, a mother, and so forth, and then titles the whole album "American Woman's Dilemma," as though to say, "this is what modern woman is doing, but this is not what modern woman wants to do." It would be difficult to say just what modern woman *does* want to do if she doesn't want to be a housewife and a mother; if she doesn't want to work in an office or a factory and make a lot of money; if she is not content merely to sit back and do nothing. Perhaps she would like to recall the decision she made in the person of her sister Eve, and not eat the apple after all. The only trouble with that desire is, it comes too late. The apple was eaten, and with the forbidden bite came the destruction of paradise. One must earn one's bread now in the sweat of the brow; and one must bring forth children in travail and pain. There's no way out of it. Suffering is the price of the original fall. Fortunately, a great many women, unlike the models in the pictures of *Life*, understand this, and refuse to

reach for that which they know they cannot obtain this side of heaven.

The implication in the *Life* series of pictures is that all the important posts proper to women and being filled by women today are covered in the article. Such is not the case. Our surprise was great when we noticed that so well-informed a magazine could make so major a mistake as to skip over entirely a career that is occupying the full time and efforts of thousands of women in the world, and bringing them happiness and contentment too, insofar as happiness and contentment can be found here on earth. No mention is made of the sisterhoods, even though there are over a hundred thousand women who have entered the convent in the United States alone.

The career of a nun is a good and worthy one to follow for the simple reason that it has the direct approval of God. In fact God was the first one to conceive the idea of such a life; and God makes no mistakes. It was on a sunny hillside that Our Lord was giving a talk to the people. It must have been an inspiring talk, for after it was over, a young man came up to Him and asked Him in all sincerity what he had to do to go to heaven. The answer was easy—keep the commandments. But, insisted the young man, what further program might he follow in order to be sure that all would go well with him after his death? The Bible says that Christ looked upon the young man and "loved him;" then he said those famous words that many a young woman is still hear-

ing today: "If thou wouldst be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give the money to the poor. Then, come, follow Me."

The sister takes this advice literally—she sells what she has and follows Christ. Her vow of poverty forbids her to own anything for her independent, personal use. She goes forth to her work of teaching or nursing or whatever else it may be "without scrip or staff," just as Our Lord went forth to His work in the same way. But she does more than imitate Christ only in His poverty. She tries to be like Him in His chastity. Thus she gives up the privilege of having a home of her own, and children after her own image. Some time ago a minister wrote a letter to *Time* magazine, commenting on an article that had appeared in that magazine a few weeks previously in which an outline had been given of the order of the day that is followed by the Holy Father. The preacher said that he found the article interesting, but that he could not understand how the Pope could take his meals alone each day in view of the fact that "the Master had eaten even with publicans and sinners;" furthermore, he went on, how unlike Peter was the Pope, for the first Apostle had a wife, and did not believe in living all alone in sterile celibacy. The good minister apparently failed to notice the contradiction in his words. In one sentence he wanted the Pope to be like Our Lord (during the dinner hour), while in another sentence he didn't want the Pope to be like Our Lord at all (in depriving himself of the happiness of a wife). The sisters are more logical than the minister—they follow Our Lord right through. And therefore they don't take a husband. To be sure that they shall have help in following the two wonderful yet difficult ideals of poverty and chastity, they place a third obligation on their souls,

that of obedience. They promise solemnly to obey their lawful superiors in all things that do not involve sin. Here again they are following Christ. On many occasions He praised the virtue of obedience; on many occasions He gave the example of perfect obedience to His Father, even though He was God Himself. When the sister obeys, then, she is only doing what Christ did.

To keep the three vows is a career in itself, and a greater career than any other that a woman might select for herself. But the sisters are not content to confine their activities merely to that. They perform a thousand varied labors that are for the good of society and the welfare of the human race. They conduct hospitals, homes for the aged, orphanages, leper colonies, institutes for the blind and the deaf; they teach in schools, providing an education that is admittedly better than that which is given in the public schools; they do social work, visiting families that are destitute and helpless, bringing them food and clothing and medicines as well as spiritual aid. Indeed, there is no work that one might think of which is calculated to bring ease to burdened lives that the sisters are not engaged in. And they do not perform their many tasks in order to make money, but only out of love for God. Anyone who doubts this should ask a teaching sister how much salary she draws for spending all day in a class-room; or a nursing sister how much she receives for waiting on the sick, twelve, thirteen and fourteen hours a day. That which is given to them is only a pittance in comparison to the remuneration of a lay nurse or a public school teacher.

Of all careers that can be followed, that of a nun is the most intelligent, for it concerns itself with first things first. Life is made up of relationships—between friend and friend, between mem-

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bers of a family, between the work of the hands and the object that is made by the hands, between employer and employee, plus a thousand more that are essential to the living of a normal and happy life. But the highest relationship that exists on earth is that between creature and Creator. Therefore, the most intelligent manner of spending one's life is by developing that relationship, by cutting away anything that may tarnish or weaken it. Two friends remain friends only by constant attention to the demands of friendship. Living up to these demands may be pleasant. Still, they must be lived up to, pleasant or not, or the relationship will suffer. It might even be broken so that an entirely new kind emerges, namely, that of enemies. So it is with the relationship between God and man. It is a full-time job to keep it flourishing; and for that reason St. Paul said that the woman who marries does well, but the woman who does not marry does better, for while the former is concerned primarily with her husband (a secondary relationship), the latter is concerned primarily with god (the first and highest relationship).

The sister gives her life to this tremendous task of being right with God. It is so tremendous that even though she spends so much time at it, she can never say that she has finally done everything that she could and should do. Certain things in herself tend to draw her away from the most essential of all relationships. Passions, dangerous tendencies, incipient and clamoring habits—these would bind her to the world. And so she undertakes a program of mortification and penance; she prays and receives the Sacraments; she incloses herself in a convent, away from newspapers and frivolous magazines and the tempests of time, that she may concentrate on the center and source of all

being, which is the center and source of her own being. After fifty years, perhaps, she finds that her labors are rewarded, with the relationship between herself and God healthy and strong. Even then she must continue to work lest she lose what she has gained. Who would dare intimate that this career takes second place to that of the woman who spends her life in making shoestrings for shoes or in typing letters for creatures if such a woman places no emphasis on and gives no time to the strengthening of the relationship between herself and God? It is like placing the work of Shakespeare alongside the labored compositions of a third grader, and maintaining that the work of the third grader is more deserving of consideration than that of Shakespeare. Or it is like preferring a neon sign on the window of a beer joint to a giant rainbow in the sky.

The life of a nun is doubly an intelligent career because it prepares her to die well, and nothing can be more important than that. To be an illusrator or an advertising executive, and nothing more, as most bright and brittle young women are in most magazine stories (thereby insinuating that a woman can hardly rise higher or do better) is poppycock in comparison to the far-reaching task of working for a happy death. Denying the danger of the judgment after death does not destroy either the danger or the judgment. And following a career that has a woman act (the planned one- or two-baby woman) against a superabundance of evidence to the contrary, as though there were to be no judgment, is to be a fool, even though she has a pretty face, a glib and witty tongue, a thousand admirers and a salary that mounts into five figures.

The nun is a realist in the midst of a multitude of dreamers. She is convinced that life at the longest is short.

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She is certain that she is going to die. She has no doubts about the fact of judgment for sins committed. And so she gives over her days to preparation for the time when the last act of her life will be played. On the manner in which she plays that act, the reward, not of happiness for a hundred million years, but of happiness for eternity, will depend. But she knows that a perfect final act cannot be played without long rehearsing and practicing. Thus her life in a convent; thus her long and sombre robes that cover her charms and hide her beauty; thus her meditations and rigorous self-discipline. She is not as one batting the air, but one who has a very definite target at which she is aiming all her blows. Is not that an intelligent career?

And the strange aspect of the matter is that even though the career of a nun is one that is directed to eternity, it affords the greatest amount of joy in time. True, we do meet unhappy sisters from time to time, but their number does not compare with the number of unhappy women in other careers. The series of pictures in *Life* magazine proves this assertion, at least as to the

amount of dissatisfaction that exists among women in the world. Those who know sisters will prove the other part of the assertion—that nowhere is laughter so spontaneous and peace so evident as in the convent. Added to the reasons given above for the existence of happiness in a life that on the surface seems to exclude the possibility of happiness, is the reason of hope. Happiness depends on hope. If a man has a sickness for which there is no cure, that man can hardly be happy. If a man is poor and has no hope of ever getting away from his poverty, that man will always be in misery. And if a man suspects that there is an eternity and yet does nothing to assure himself of a happy eternity, that man certainly cannot be happy. But nuns spend their lives in preparing for eternity. Therefore, their hope is always strong. Therefore, they are always happy.

Someone should print in a national magazine a spread of pictures depicting the life of a nun. Then the world would know that there is at least one career that a woman can select which will not beget restlessness and dissatisfaction.

No Idle Tears

At a dinner given many years ago to some Indians in Philadelphia, one of the Indians, not knowing the purpose of the mustard which he saw in a jar on the table, proceeded to put an entire teaspoonful of it into his mouth. He was, of course, rendered highly uncomfortable, and for a moment or two the tears streamed from his eyes.

Another Indian who had not seen him take mustard, but observed the tears, asked him what he was crying for.

Not willing to be embarrassed, the victim answered:

"I am thinking of my father, who was killed in battle."

Later on the questioner became curious about the mustard, and tried the same experiment, with the same result. With a tell-tale grin, the first Indian asked him why *he* was shedding tears.

"I weep," came the answer, "because you were not killed at the same time as your father."

Digger

A mole, placed upon the ground, will dig himself out of sight in 10 seconds; this little animal has been known to dig a tunnel 100 yards long in a single night. Proportionate to his size, a man, in order to equal that record, would have to dig a tunnel 50 miles long, large enough to crawl through in 12 hours time.

Mr. Lasky's Miracle

Formula for a movie that has a couple of called strikes on it before it is made.

L. G. Miller

IT has been brought home to us in several successive newspaper stories bearing the unmistakable pachyderm imprint of Hollywood, that Mr. Jesse Lasky has in hand the filming of Russell Janney's *Miracle of the Bells*, and that none other than the well-known virtuoso, Mr. Frank Sinatra, is to play the role of the gentle priest, Father Paul, in this super-colossal production. We submit it as our opinion that these two announcements, taken either singly or in conjunction, are enough to curdle the blood with sickening apprehension, and this for reasons which will be herein set forth.

As nearly everyone knows, *The Miracle of the Bells* concerns the adventures of a Hollywood press-agent who is shattered by the sudden death of his young, beautiful and talented client. It was the dying wish of this deceased actress that she be buried in her native town, a grubby collection of shanties in the heart of the Pennsylvania coal-mining district. When he arrives at the town in order to carry out this request, the press-agent conceives the idea of having the bells of all the churches in town rung for three days and nights without intermission, and the story is concerned thenceforth with all the strange happenings that ensue as this project is carried out.

Without going into detail, it will suffice to say that, as a result of the ringing of the bells, good triumphs over evil to an unprecedented degree: certain evil characters are thoroughly reformed; the good begin to enjoy their reward a thousandfold even in this life;

the press-agent scores a triumph in that the name of his deceased client begins to flash on theatre marquees all the way from Cape Breton to Albuquerque, and in a final blaze of glory the press-agent goes forth into the world with his shattered confidence fully restored because his little Olga, though dead, still walks by his side with her tiny hand thrust confidently into his.

Although the author of this best-selling novel is not a Catholic, he has chosen to project his story against a highly religious and Catholic background, and, alas, in a few instances seems to have culled his information on Catholic teachings and customs from somewhat doubtful sources. But what particularly makes us shudder when we think of Hollywood getting hold of this story is the shallowness and artificiality with which it is written. Despite the sensationalism of the central plot idea, there is a certain stale and static quality about the actions of the characters. Their motivation comes completely from without and not from within themselves. They are types, not individuals, and they dance upon their strings like puppets: the good men doing good and the bad men trying to frustrate them and everything working out beautifully in the end, while any resemblance to real life is strictly coincidental. It is all made to order for the Hollywood grist mills, and when garnished with cliches and stock sentimental situations, it will, we fear, emerge upon the screen fairly dripping with counterfeit emotion.

It must be confessed, likewise, that our fears were not allayed, but rather intensified by the announcement that Mr. Frank Sinatra had been chosen for the part of Father Paul. This character in the novel is the pastor of the church where the press-agent makes arrangements for the actress's funeral, and in the course of the book he assumes almost heroic stature by his selflessness and devotion.

According to one account, the Voice was reading Mr. Janney's book while traveling across the country, and no sooner did he come in contact with the character of Father Paul than the light of inspiration leaped into his eye. He could hardly contain himself until the train reached the next stop, where he wired his agent in Hollywood to post his name immediately in the list of entries for the part. So eager was he for the role, we are told, that he had no rest until the business was carried through to a satisfactory conclusion.

Mr. Sinatra will have to pardon us if we do not share fully his enthusiasm. We have nothing against the young man as a singer; in fact, we have found his voice rather pleasant at times, when it could be heard above the din of the bobby-soxers. But the few samples of his acting ability which have come to our notice left us singularly cold. Mr. Sinatra will undoubtedly get himself quite worked up in this new role, and will charge his delivery of the lines with heavy emotional overtones when and as needed. He may even, at the behest of Mr. Lasky, be portrayed in the film as standing on the steps of the rectory at evening, rendering a ballad in his hesitant baritone in order to revive the drooping spirits of the men as they trudge wearily homeward after a long day in the mines. We can see the scene before us as we write, and the prospect is appalling.

A further objection that we find to Mr. Sinatra's playing the role of a gentle priest is the succession of bizarre incidents in which recently he has figured and which have been reported freely in the press. These happenings have given rise to a prevalent opinion that the young man is singularly naive and immature, and we do not think that immaturity will make for a good performance in such a serious role. There was the matter of his relationship with certain unsavoury characters from the underworld, with whom he seemed for a time to be on very friendly terms indeed. There is his support of certain red or pink organizations along the lines of *Youth for Democracy*, support of which he still has not seen fit publicly to repudiate. There was the pugilistic interlude, in which Mr. Sinatra in a very public place chose to repair his wounded vanity by swinging at an unfriendly newspaper critic. And there was the matter of the quarrel between the young man and his wife, thoroughly aired in the newspapers and culminating in the incredible scene which saw husband and wife reconciled beneath the bright lights of a night-club, with the orchestra playing softly in the background and the patrons alternately gaping and letting tears fall into their Martinis.

Now incidents such as these mark Mr. Sinatra as a young man of spirit, enterprise and daring. But they do nothing to convince us that he is cut out either to understand or to portray the role of a supposedly saintly and sympathetic priest. Nor are we reassured by unimpeachable reports that he leaves much to be desired in the manner in which he lives up to his personal obligations as a Catholic. Being a good Catholic will not necessarily make a good actor out of him, but it will at least give him a certain insight into the character

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of a good priest, an insight which is never possessed by a Catholic who is indifferent and lax in his loyalty to the faith.

Mr. Pat Scanlon, editor of the *Brooklyn Tablet*, reflecting upon these matters, recently addressed an inquiry regarding Sinatra to a friend of his in the motion picture business, and in his reply the correspondent stated among other things:

"My information is that Sinatra is mainly a pawn in these political matters, that he has been used in this *Youth for Democracy* idea by a Hollywood clique, centrally interested in pro-Communist propaganda. As a person, he probably suffers from nothing that failure could not help to cure. He has found success beyond his wildest dreams, and plainly he does not know how to carry it or how to contain himself in his new circumstances. He seems short of that intelli-

gence which would guide him away from people who pander to him for political reasons and, in that respect, is more to be pitied than blamed. As a Catholic, however, he knows well his personal obligations and it is my observation that these are not met."

For the reasons given above and for others which might be mentioned we shudder at the thought of what Mr. Jesse Lasky will do with *Miracle of the Bells*. It may be that we shall be surprised. We fervently hope that our gloomy prognostications will be proven wrong. But Mr. Lasky may as well know that he will have to encounter and overcome a good deal of scepticism if his picture is to be a critical success. And that scepticism has its roots firmly planted in past experience. When it comes to producing religious pictures with true understanding and sympathy, Hollywood, in nine cases out of ten, simply hasn't got what it takes.

Man's Inhumanity

The old Roman slaves had no rights before the law. They were classed with cattle and often treated with even less regard; indeed, the story of slavery is a dark and shameful one.

Female slaves were at the complete disposal of their masters. Some broken-down aristocrats even supported themselves by prostituting the young girls among their slaves. No marriage bond was ever allowed to them, but the master could and did pair them off like horses or dogs.

Runaway slaves were branded with red hot irons, condemned to work in chains in the mines or to take the place of the ox in walking around the grindstone. If a slave murdered his master, Roman law imposed the death penalty on all the slaves of that household. Thus when Pedanius Secundus, Prefect of Rome, had been killed by one of his slaves, his four hundred slaves, men, women and children, were all immediately put to death.

Slavery was long in disappearing, but only the spirit of Christianity was able to meet and overcome it.

Funny Story

When I was at school, among my schoolfellows were a Presbyterian and a Methodist. One term the Presbyterian came back and said that during the holidays his parents had read the New Testament and as a result he and they had become Roman Catholics. The Methodist thought this a very funny story. I did not at the time see why it was so particularly funny, and when, some years later, I came to read the New Testament myself, I found that it was even less funny than I had imagined.

—Christopher Hollis, in an account of his conversion.



For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

Problem: It is frequently thrown up to us Catholics that the practice of rhythm in marriage is the same thing as the practice of contraception, and that our Church is inconsistent in forbidding the latter while it permits the former. What is the difference between them? It does seem to us that the same end is attained by rhythm as by any other form of contraception.

Solution: There are few subjects on which there is more confusion of thought than on this topic of limiting offspring. The reason for the confusion is that the publicists for birth control have abandoned all the logic and reason that support the natural law, and have made up a morality of expediency on the question of contraception. Therefore the best way to arrive at an understanding of the above question is by starting out with simple, universal principles and then applying them to the morality of rhythm and contraception.

First of all, the Catholic Church, in promulgating the natural law, does not blindly object to limitation of offspring on the part of parents. Sometimes she even advises and urges such limitation, as for example, in cases of severe or contagious disease on the part of parents, extreme poverty, etc. She does maintain, according to the natural law, that such limitation may be effected only by limitation of intercourse, because it is contrary to the natural law ever to use the marriage right while frustrating its primary purpose.

Secondly, the Catholic Church does not maintain that the sole purpose of intercourse is the begetting of children. She maintains that that is the first and primary purpose—the one that may never be deliberately avoided through the manner of exercising the marriage right. But the Church states the natural law that there are secondary purposes of intercourse, which are the showing of mutual love between husband and wife and the avoidance of the wrong use of sex. These purposes may still be sought and fulfilled in the use of the marriage right, even when the primary purpose cannot be achieved because of age, sterility, etc., so long as the marriage act is properly performed. In other words, a husband and wife are bound always to act in their relations with each other in cooperation with the primary purpose of sex, even though they know it cannot be attained.

Contraception, therefore, is wrong because it means attacking the primary purpose of the marriage act in the very manner of performing it. The use of rhythm may be justified in certain circumstances because in this no attack is made on the primary purpose of the marriage act in the way it is performed. It should be remarked that rhythm is not universally permissible to married persons; they must have a reason for using it, and should ordinarily subject that reason to a confessor's decision.

Unfulfilled Dream

Of the Saint who died without seeing his greatest work ever begun.

Hugh J. O'Connell

JUST off the coast of China, not far from Canton, the island of Sanchian lies in a bay of the South China Sea. The region is barren and desolate, with only a few inhabitants, who wring a meager living from the rocky soil. However, in the days when the mainland of China was forbidden to foreigners under pain of death, Sanchian formed a convenient anchoring-place where daring traders came to exchange the goods of Europe for the treasures of the East. It was here, on this lonely isle, across the world from the home of his childhood, that the great life of Francis Xavier burned to its end. The story of how he came to die there is one of adventure and romance, of courage that knew no fear, and of zeal that reached out to embrace all mankind.

In the veins of Francis ran the blood of the Basques, that strange, proud, hardy race of Northern Spain which has given so many dauntless explorers and missionaries to the world. Ambitious by nature, and endowed with great talent, Francis had in his youth looked forward to a brilliant career as professor of Philosophy at the University of Paris. However, he fell under the influence of St. Ignatius Loyola, who diverted the young Basque's energy and ambition to the service of God. Once he had bowed his proud neck to the yoke of Christ, and taken the humble habit of the new order of the Jesuits, Francis gave himself to the acquiring of sanctity and the saving of souls with the same ardor that he had previously demonstrated in his studies. His was

not the temperament to do things by halves.

The outstanding quality that marks the life of Francis Xavier is his devouring zeal for souls, a zeal that could know no rest, and spare no sacrifice while there was yet a single soul that might be won for Christ. Soon after his ordination, he began his apostolic career by preaching in the streets and squares of Bologna. It was his custom to borrow a stool or bench from a near-by house, stand upon it in some crowded place, and, waving his hat and hands, call the people around him. Out of curiosity, a group would assemble to hear what this strange man, in his threadbare black gown, had to say. Many a laugh and coarse jest must have been provoked by Francis' halting and imperfect Italian. Yet he caught and held his hearers. For ardent charity speaks a language that men are not slow to understand.

For three comparatively quiet years, Francis worked in Italy. Then came the decisive moment in his life. In August, 1539, the King of Portugal wrote to the Pope, asking Jesuit missionaries for his newly discovered Eastern lands. St. Ignatius Loyola, founder and superior general, at once accepted, and looked among his few companions for those who might be sent. At first his choice fastened upon Fathers Rodriguez and Bobadilla; but he was forced to change his plans. Bobadilla was too sick to go; Rodriguez was detained in Portugal. The finger of God pointed to Francis, and Ignatius speeded him on his way with the prophetic words: "Master

Francis, you know that by order of His Holiness two of us are to go to the Indies, and that we have chosen Master Bobadilla for this mission. Illness prevents his departure. The ambassador cannot wait. The work is yours. Rejoice that you have found an opportunity to satisfy that fervent desire that we all have of carrying the faith into remote countries. An entire world is reserved for your endeavor; and nothing but so large a field is worthy of your courage and zeal. Go, my brother, where the voice of God has called you, where the Holy See has sent you, and set those unknown nations on flame with the fire that burns within you."

On April 7, 1541, Francis Xavier sailed from Lisbon. Accustomed as we are to the luxurious ocean liners of our day, we can scarcely imagine the courage required to undertake a journey across the world in the sailing vessels of those days. The voyage to India took thirteen months. By day passengers and crew were exposed to the burning rays of the tropical sun, and by night they were lashed by the spray. Francis' bed was a coil of rope, with an anchor for a pillow. The food consisted principally of salted pork and wormy biscuits. Even the drinking water was brackish and foul. As a result, sickness in all its forms, especially the dreaded scurvy, took its toll among all those on board. Eighty men died on the journey. Added to all this, Francis was seasick for over two months at the start of the voyage. Only God's help and the zeal of his great heart gave him strength to bear these privations. "The sufferings were such," he wrote, "that I should not dare face them for a single day for anything in this world."

What was even more terrible for the soul of a saint, was the company in which he was thrust. Soldiers of fortune, criminals, paupers, half-castes,

many without religion, without culture, without decency, made up the passenger list. Gambling, cursing, fighting, and vice of every sort went on about him. Still, calmly, cheerfully, quietly, he went among them, conversing with each of his affairs, dropping a word of spiritual advice when he thought it would be received, caring for the sick and the dying, even going so far as to hold the cards, if a man was called away from the game. Gradually the effect of his sanctity made itself felt. Men called him "the holy Padre," treated him with respect, and preserved outward decency in his presence.

After more than a year on the way, the ship arrived at last at India. Francis disembarked at Goa, on May 7, 1542, and for the first time set his foot on the soil of Asia. He was just thirty-six years old; only ten years of life remained to him. But the story of those ten years is one of almost incredible labor, hardship, and accomplishment. From place to place he hastened, as though he realized that the time was short. After establishing his work in Goa, he went to Cape Comorin, on the southern tip of India, thence to the interior, where teeming millions awaited the word of Christ—on to Travancore—to Ceylon—by ship to Malacca—to the Molucca Islands—back to India—to Japan, where he spent two years and a half.

Souls were calling him, and he could not rest. Pathetically he wrote to Rome: "If I could have been in ten places at once, I should have found work to do." There was no thought of sparing himself. In sickness and in health, in burning heat and drenching rain, his zeal drove him on. Friends cautioned him to pay some heed to his frail body; but he answered that his food and sleep, his very life itself, consisted in delivering from the power of Satan the souls

of men, to save whom God had called him for from the ends of the earth. He baptized as many as ten thousand in one month; yet even a single soul was precious in his sight. Once, when aboard ship, he became acquainted with a high Portuguese official whose life was a scandal even to the pagans. With his gift for winning hearts, Francis soon struck up a friendship with the man. As the vessel put into a port for a brief stay, the missionary landed, under pretext of taking a walk with his new friend. They went inland for a short distance, and when they were in a secluded spot, Francis began to scourge himself so severely that the ground was reddened with his blood. The man in amazement and alarm asked what he was doing. "I am doing this to obtain pardon for your sins, and to win your soul for God," was the calm reply. Overcome, the official threw himself on his knees and made the confession he had long refused to make.

Not content with all his wanderings over strange seas for Christ, Francis cherished still another dream in his heart. North of India, across from Japan, lay the huge, mysterious, forbidden empire of China. Here, he knew, dwelt hundreds of millions of souls for whom his Master had died on the Cross, and yet who never called upon His Name. All the yearning of Xavier's great heart went out to these poor, forsaken children of God. Early in his sojourn in the East, he began speaking of the possibility of visiting China. After his trip to Japan, this desire became a resolve. He felt that if China were converted to Christ, all of Asia would follow.

He was not ignorant of the awful risk that any foreigner took in entering the forbidden borders of that ancient empire. Other Europeans before him had tried, and met imprisonment or death. His friends sought to persuade him to

abandon the plan; but his resolve would not be shaken. Calmly he faced the prospect of martyrdom: "I will follow the voice that calls me, and obey my Lord. I count my life and liberty as nothing." Again, he wrote to a friend: "We run great risk of being captured. However, we are comforted by the thought that it is better to be a prisoner for the love of God, than to be free because one has fled from the sufferings of Christ."

At length the day arrived when he was to put his plan into effect. On Easter Sunday, 1552, he entered the ship that was to take him to the coast of China. After a long journey, in which there was much delay and he met with many troubles, toward the end of August, the ship cast anchor in the harbor of Sanchian. He was close to the goal. Across the bay, his straining eyes could see the outlines of the Chinese shore. The vision of his mind went over the hills and valleys, over the fertile plains, where pagodas rose like rocks from the sea, even to the imperial city itself, more than a thousand miles away. "If I get to China," he wrote from Sanchian, "you will probably find me a prisoner in the dungeons of Canton, or at the royal palace in Pekin."

But in the mysterious plan of God, Francis Xavier was never to realize his dream. Like the prophet Moses, he was given a glimpse of the promised land; but not permitted to enter. The conversion of China was reserved for other hands and other days. For months Francis waited at Sanchian, striving vainly to find a means of reaching the mainland. From time to time a door would seem to open, only to slam shut again. Everyone was afraid to assume the responsibility of helping a foreigner enter the forbidden land.

At last, the frail body, which for years had lived by love and hope alone,

The Liguorian

gave way. He was stricken with an illness which he knew would end in death. Desolate and alone, stripped of all human help, he lay for weeks in a poor hut, open to the wind and rain, without any comfort, except that which came from God. The candle was burning to its end. The great heart which had reached out to the world in love was beating feebler now. The breath which had been the instrument of grace to countless thousands was coming in short gasps. At last the breathing stopped, the

great heart grew still. Like Christ, his Master, Francis died in loneliness and abandonment, in the midst of apparent failure, and went from the Cross into the Hands of his Father. God, the wisdom of Whose ways is inscrutable to men, had denied him the fulfillment of his dream of converting China; but had answered the prayer that was so often on his lips in life: "*Who will grant that I may die for Thee, that the ends of the earth may know Thee!*"



Suspended Blessing

Thackeray tells of an old Irish woman whom he met begging by the side of the road. As he passed her, he put his hand in his pocket, and the old lady said: "May the blessing of God follow you." But when she saw his hand emerge with nothing but his snuff-box, she added: "And may it never overtake you!"



Science Unmasks the Nervous Tic

"A facial 'tic' might express a repressed desire to laugh at someone whom it would be 'wicked' to make fun of." From a syndicated article of Dr. Lawrence Gould, Consulting Psychologist.

The secret's out, of my repression
I now am forced to make confession.

My nervous tic, my eyebrow waver,
That left-ear twitch, that nostril quaver,

Are now unmasked. Alas, what trouble!
Oh heartless science, to burst my bubble!

Friends used to be so sympathetic,
They thought that I was diabetic.

They gave me every loving service
Because they thought me merely nervous.

But now my tic just makes them heckle,
They call me Hyde behind my Jekyll.

They look at me as if they're fearing
That while I smile, inside I'm sneering.

Oh Dr. Gould, how *could* you do it?
I hope *you* get a tic, you brute!

L. G. M.

BIBLICAL PROBLEMS (10)

The Origin of Races

E. A. Mangan

Question: What has the Bible to say about the origin of the different races of mankind?

Answer: The Bible says nothing about the origin of the different races of mankind as the races have been distinguished and are distinguished today, scientifically speaking. Scattered references are made, especially in Genesis, Chapter 10, to nations and families of nations but even in these passages no attempt is made at anything approaching a scientific classification. In regard to the origin of races, all we know from the Bible is the fact and article of faith that all men came from Adam.

2. It is foolish to say that any race of mankind arose on account of the curse which God put on Cain or on account of the later curse that was levelled at the descendants of Cham and Chanaan.

3. Science has always had its theories on the classification of mankind into different races, but there has never been, nor is there today, anything certain as to this classification except the agreement that such a division exists.

4. First of all, scientists are not agreed as to what constitutes a race. The color of the skin is certainly not a basis for classification into races. The texture of the hair is a much more satisfying and reliable basis, if only one element is used for a division. An ensemble of characteristics is still used by the most reputable scientists as a foundation for distinguishing the different races. An acceptable definition of race, then, would be a relatively permanent variety of mankind possessing very similar hereditary physical characteristics. Certainly three of the elements considered in all attempted classifications are shape of skull, texture of hair, and color of skin.

5. As far back as the dawn of history, at least 5,000 years before Christ, we find in general the same races as today. As far back as 25,000 years ago or more—according to reputable scientists—traces of two types of man are found, the long-headed type and the broad-headed or round-headed type. There is an increasing tendency among scientists to say that both of these come from an original, common type. Now some time between 25,000 B.C. and 5,000 B.C., the races, rather commonly known today as the Negroid, Australoid, Mediterranean and Alpine or Mongoloid developed, and they all seem to have preserved the same general characteristics from 5,000 B.C. to the present time.

Today a theory that is rather well-received, though it may lose favor tomorrow, is built on the following conjecture. Somewhere in Northern Asia was the primitive group. They migrated in successive waves west to Europe, South to Australia and Africa, east as far as Alaska. It is conjectured that one of the first migrations, a composite Negroid type having a long head, curly hair and dark complexion, went into Africa and New Guinea. Closely following this, another wave, this time of Australoids, went into Australia, and possibly some came to America. The kinky hair is gone and the skin is brown. A few more physical changes produced the group closer to home, the so-called Mediterranean race, which spread all over Asia, Europe and America. At about this time a long-headed, wiry-haired, brunette type appears in India, Arabia, Persia and on both sides of the Mediterranean. By 1,000 B.C. the Nordic type had been bleached out of the Mediterranean composite. All of these were long-heads. The broad-heads or round-heads appear in the Mongoloids (now in Asia and the American Indians) and in the white western Europeans in Southern France, the Balkans, and east into Asia Minor.

According to science, therefore, it is silly to talk about a superior race.

Questions on Education

A questionnaire that real Catholics should be afraid neither to put to themselves directly, nor to answer forthrightly.

E. F. Miller

IS it just that Catholics should be refused tax money for their schools (and at the same time made to give money for the support of the public schools which they do not use) when they are fulfilling all the requirements of education laid down by the government?

It is not just, and especially so in a democracy that boasts of treating all people, even minorities, with equal fairness.

Should Catholics, therefore, refuse to pay taxes for public schools in view of the fact that they are already carrying a greater financial burden than non-Catholics for the education of children?

They should not. It is a Catholic principle to obey the government in all things that are not clearly sinful. Besides, it is better to teach "fools who say that there is no God," to which category belong those people who don't want to learn anything about God, to read and write than it is to allow them to wallow about in the amorality of complete ignorance.

Is education that leaves out any mention of the supernatural or even the natural as it touches God and virtue and heaven and hell the kind of education that fits a child for the future in time and in eternity?

It is not. It is the equivalent (with a few extra flourishes, such as tile swimming pools, football teams and puppy love) of the training that is given the animals in the zoo so that they can perform before the audiences that come out to see them on Sunday afternoon.

Is there any support in the consti-

tution of the United States for the refusal to allow children attending Catholic schools to ride on tax-maintained buses?

There is not. The constitution does not even infer such discrimination between schools and schools.

What is to be thought of the delegates at the National Educational Association convention who "shouted down" without even allowing a vote to be taken the proposal of Miss Helen M. Malloy "for Congressional action to provide health and transportation services for children of both public and non-public schools?"

They are to be loved and prayed for with the hope that in case of another war they will not be our buddies on whom we have to depend for an equal effort in defending a position or taking an objective. If Catholics may not ride on public buses to Catholic schools, or to a spot near a Catholic school, because they are Catholics, Catholics have no right to wear the uniform of a democracy that considers only Protestants and pagans equal, by which is meant, real Americans. In protest these Protestants and pagans may strike in the very heat of battle or "take off" to the rear as they "shout down" the soldiers who owe "allegiance to Rome" and who would introduce the union of church and state by means of the stratagem of fighting for their country. Thus, we would be left alone to defeat the enemy. It is quite certain that all of us would be killed in spite of the fact that very likely 50 per cent of all the troops

would be Catholic even though only 30 per cent of the people in the United States is Catholic.

In spite of the opposition of our fellow Americans to everything that touches Catholic education, should we Catholics continue to build and support Catholic schools?

By all means. According to the Canon law of the Church; we have the obligation of giving our children a Catholic education. This duty cannot be fulfilled in the public schools. Therefore, we have to build our own.

Is it sufficient to give a child a Catholic education in the grade school, and then send him or her to a public high school for the completion of their education?

It is not. Most people are beginning to recognize the fact that more harm can be done in high school than in grade school. One can hear stories of the looseness of public high schools in almost every city of the country. And sadly enough, Catholic young people are often involved in this looseness. It proves beyond a doubt that no matter how much Christian doctrine instruction is given on the side, the child follows the way of life that he learns in school. Parents who are truly interested in the present and future welfare of their children will not live in a place where a Catholic high school is not available. They will move to the neighborhood of a Catholic high school even at the cost of great sacrifice. The money that the father makes by retaining a certain job in a section of the city or country where there is no Catholic school will bring him little consolation if in later years he sees his children without faith and in grave danger of losing their souls.

How about the university? Should Catholics attend Catholic universities?

They certainly should. Anyone at all acquainted with most state universities would rather see his son or daughter go without any higher education than be exposed to the godlessness and mental foolishness of such a place. Attendance at a Catholic grade school and a Catholic high school will not insure perseverance in the true religion if the child is exposed to the pagan atmosphere of a pagan institution.

If it is impossible to find the course that is wanted at a Catholic university, is it permitted then to attend a state university?

Almost any course that is wanted can be found at *some* Catholic university. The above question when affirmatively answered is often, though not always, the rationalization of a weak Catholic. And very often it is the rationalization of a Catholic who can afford almost any school in the country. The scandal given by well-to-do Catholics who do not seem to scruple over their children's attendance at schools that have no connection with Catholic ideas or ideals is great; and God will surely call them to task for it even though their children by some special grace do not lose their faith as a result of their secular education. "It were better that a millstone were tied around their necks and that they be cast into the depths of the sea."

Are Catholics opposed to public school education?

Not at all—as far as other people are concerned. America is a free country, and the citizens may do what they desire. Catholics are opposed to public schools only insofar as their own children are concerned. They know better than to patronize them.

A vacuum is nothing with the air sucked out of it put up in a small bottle.
It is very hard to get. . . . *From a child's examination paper.*



Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

On Zeal

It is possible for a shut-in to exercise just as great a zeal for the winning of souls to God as for active missionaries, pastors, catechists, writers and teachers. It is possible for the zeal of shut-ins to be even more effective than that of those actively engaged in the apostolate, because the grace of God is necessary for all conversions, and the shut-in is in a position to obtain greater and more powerful graces than anyone else.

A few simple principles revealed by Christ make this clear. Our Lord told the Apostles, one day when they complained of the refusal of certain cities to heed their sermons and be converted, that some evils can be overcome only by prayer and fasting. Fasting for a healthy person is the equivalent of bearing pain patiently for the shut-in and disabled. Our Lord implied that there are extraordinary evils in the world that cannot be touched by sermons or any other ordinary means, and that the only means whereby they can be overcome is suffering, combined, of course, with prayer. This should be a great consolation to the shut-in, just to know that in the offering of his inconveniences and sufferings for sinners he has a power not possessed even by great preachers and missionaries.

Christ went even further and, in regard to Himself, revealed that suffering would be a far more powerful means of winning souls away from evil than his preaching and working miracles. That is the meaning of His statement: "And I, if I be lifted up (on a cross) shall draw all things to Me." The Christian shut-in is a part of the Mystical Body of Christ, and as such can be assured that the same power of the Cross applies to the offering he can make of his sufferings for the sinners of the world.

For these reasons, every shut-in should cultivate intensely the virtue of zeal. Every instinctive complaint should be turned into an offering for souls that can be saved only by suffering. Every moment of anguish should be recognized as an offering that God cannot resist when it is accompanied by prayer for those who resist all other attempts to save them.

Christ before Herod

The most dramatic use of silence in the world's history.

R. J. Miller

HEROD was a great lover of theatricals. He had a complete set of stage equipment and kept a troupe of actors in his desert castle of Machaira, and carried them about with him on his travels. He even took them to war with him, the time Aretas, King of the Arabs, set out to avenge his daughter's wrongs (she had been deserted by Herod for Herodias) and attacked Herod's domain,—and defeated him in battle, too.

So when "the fox" saw the chief priests bringing Jesus to him on Good Friday morning "he was very glad." Not for any religious motive; not out of piety; hardly even out of superstition, but just as one good showman to another, or as a leading theatrical producer to a successful and famous magician, Herod was "very glad" to welcome the wizard of Nazareth.

He had wanted for a long time to see Him, because he had heard a great deal about Him, and he hoped to see some wonderful thing worked by Him.

Apparently Herod had got over any superstitious fears he originally had about Our Lord, when he had thought the new Prophet was John the Baptist risen from the dead.

John I have beheaded; but who is This of Whom I hear such things?—(and he sought to see Him).

This is John the Baptist. He is risen from the dead; and that is why He can do these wonderful tricks.

"Tricks"! If there was one thing Herod liked more than another—even more than pagan dancing—it was "tricks,"—whether on the stage or off.

(It was not for nothing Our Lord had called him "that fox.") So now when his servants came running to tell him that the travelling trickster from Galilee was being brought to his court, he was simply delighted. "Get the stage ready; bring down the magician's equipment from the loft; we'll have everything ready for Him, and He can give the most colossal performance of His entire career! Get all the courtiers to come to the auditorium; call up the royal guard; we'll give Him an audience He never had before!"

So Our Lord was ushered into the presence of an expectant throng: Herod on his throne, the courtiers around him, and "his army," as St. Luke indicates, filling the hall. The chief priests and the scribes accompanying Our Lord were eager to have their say of accusation against Him, but at the outset Herod motioned them to silence. He had something to say first himself.

He questioned Him in many words.

St. Luke does not tell us what the "many words" were, but they are not difficult to surmise.

"So You are the great magician, eh?"

But He answered him nothing.

"Come now! I have heard all about You—how You can produce bread out of an empty basket, how You can make a fig tree wither, how You can make Yourself invisible, how You can walk on water. Here is Your chance to give a really worthwhile performance before an intelligent and appreciative audience!"

But He answered him nothing.

The Liguorian

"Well, perhaps You are wondering about equipment. I know how it is with you magicians; have to have things set and arranged to suit yourselves. And I'll admit this is rather abrupt. Do you wish us all to withdraw for a while so that You can arrange Your cards, boxes, tables, screens? I'll supply anything you need; just say the word!"

But He answered him nothing.

"And by the way, where did You pick up Your bag of tricks? I have a few good magicians in my troupe, and can work some pretty good tricks myself; in fact, I had some experts in black magic at court for considerable periods, and learned a lot from them. But none of them ever had any contacts with You! What's Your secret?"

But He answered him nothing.

"Won't tell, eh? That's all right; that's quite all right, Professional secrecy, of course; and it's not fair, is it, to ask a magician to give away his secrets before he does a trick!"

But He answered him nothing.

"Well then, we'll make it easy for You. Bring him in, men! That's right; set the stretcher down right there. Here, sir, is good old Issachar, faithful body-guard of mine for fifteen yaers. One night last week he had a little too much to drink, and tumbled all the way down a set of back stairs in the castle. Doctors tell me his leg is broken and there is something wrong with his head. Now, just lay Your hand on him there, and mutter Your usual formula, and let's see what happens!"

But He answered him nothing.

"No? Something more simple, perhaps? I see You are pretty well tied up Yourself. How about slipping Your hands out of those bonds? That really ought to be easy for a fellow like You!"

But He answered him nothing.

"Aha! I see it now! You're thinking about the money! Well, don't let that

worry You in the least! Give us a good performance, and You can name your own price. I'll engage to give You anything, anything You ask. In fact, I might even think of finding You a steady job at a good salary with my regular troupe! How about it?"

But He answered him nothing.

"Perhaps Your present circumstances—under guard and all that—make You feel uneasy, and unwilling to perform for the crowd. Pretty hard, I'll admit; but didn't I hear that You had a man's ear cut off last night (when You were under guard as You are now) and then put back on his head so well that nobody could tell the difference?"

But He answered him nothing.

"Be careful, sir! Remember You are here as a prisoner, on a capital charge! Do not forget that I am Your sovereign, and that Pilate has placed Your fate in my hands! Do not trifle with my kindness, sir! For the last time, are we going to have a magic performance here today, or not?"

But He answered him nothing.

How different the attitude of the Human Being to Herod from what it had been to Annas and to Caiphas! No longer the crushing logic or the divine defiance; nothing now but supreme contempt!

And of course it was the perfect attitude under the circumstances.

The one thing Our Lord had studiously avoided in the working of His miracles was the thing Herod was asking of Him now: to make a show of Himself, to strive after dramatic effect, to appeal to the sensational in the crowds, to work wonders for wonders' sake. Christ's appeal was the supreme appeal to reason; His very miracles were such an appeal.

If you will not believe Me, believe the works.

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The works that I do, they give testimony of Me.

They have no excuse for their sin . . . If I had not done among them works such as no man hath done, they would not have sin . . .

He worked His miracles, and passed along. He repeatedly bade those who saw and felt His wonders: "See thou tell it to no man!" If need be, He took refuge in flight to escape any sensational or emotional effects of His miracles. So He did after the multiplication of the loaves, when the Jews would come and take Him by force and make Him King, "He fled into the mountains Himself alone."

He worked His miracles, and passed along. Let the people look after Him; let them look at the miracle again, and back after Him; and let the "works give testimony" that He was the Christ, the Son of the living God.

And now, Herod the fox wanted Him to work some magical tricks just to amuse the crowd! Just a little something to pass the time; a new diversion for "that fox," for the adulterous and murderous Herodias who sat by his side, and for the profane mob around them; a new show, on a par with the obscene dance of Herodias' daughter that had adorned his birthday party in the castle of Machaira, and cost St. John the Baptist his head.

No wonder Our dear Lord "answered him nothing." It was not merely that Herod was everything that He was not: a shifty politician, a double-dealing adulterer, a "reed shaken by the wind," a "man clothed in soft garments" who lived on the froth and filth of life. It was the very character of the request for miracles from the fox in those surroundings. Herod wanted nothing of the things Our Lord treasured most highly, and was most eager to give; and Our Lord gave him just that—nothing.

But now the Jews who had brought Him from Pilate entered the scene.

And the chief priests and scribes stood by, earnestly accusing Him.

Of course they were "earnestly accusing Him." Filled with rage and fear lest their Prisoner escape—as Pilate gave every indication of letting Him do—they were not going to miss any chances with Herod.

What were the things of which they were so earnestly accusing Him? St. Luke does not tell us; but again, they are not too difficult to surmise.

One of the Jews probably cried out fiercely: "Your Majesty, this is that false prophet Who claims to be the Son of David and the King of Israel; He threatens Your Majesty's reign!"

Herod must have looked curiously if not superstitiously at Our Lord on hearing such an accusation, and questioned Him in many words here too:

"Well, sir, is this true? What do You say for Yourself?"

But He answered him nothing.

Another priest or scribe yelled out:

"He is related to John the Baptist, and praised him after Your Majesty had him put to death! This is treason!"

And Herod: "So You are related to John? Just how, now? And You think he was a good man, eh? And You don't like the way he met his death?"

But He answered him nothing.

Another charged: "He said it was adultery to marry a second time! This was aimed directly at Your Majesty!"

But He answered him nothing.

"He said He was going to destroy the temple built by Your Majesty's father!"

But He answered him nothing.

"He commanded His followers to pay tribute to Caesar, knowing Your Majesty's rights would suffer!"

But He answered him nothing.

"He called Your Majesty a fox!"

But He answered him nothing.

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By this time Herod was thoroughly disappointed, and chafing under this striking humiliation. After calling together his entire court with pompous preparation, and in the presence of the members of the Great Council, with their well-known skill at biting sarcasm, his projected show had turned out to be a total failure!

"The fellow is mad!" he exclaimed peevishly.

The soldiers and army of actors at once took their cue from the King.

And Herod with his army set Him at nought, and mocked Him.

How did they do this?

Not with blows and spittle, like the Jews in the council hall. Herod was too elegant a gentleman for such crudities; and it would seem too that some of his old superstitious fear of the Prophet of Galilee had been reawakened in his heart. So he was satisfied with some high class mockery and tomfoolery. Very likely the actors gathered around Our Blessed Lord and went through some elaborate pantomime, imitating His silent attitude, dancing round Him, making signs to Him as though He were deaf and dumb, tickling Him or shouting in His ear to see if He would jump, or utter an exclamation.

All of this, of course, was accompanied by hoarse guffaws from the soldiers, and jeering remarks from the courtiers; even the sour features of the

priests and scribes must have expressed an evil satisfaction.

Finally one of the actors brought out a white garment from the royal stage effects. It was the kind of robe usually worn by a half-wit in the theatricals of the time. Now it was draped around Our Lord's shoulders, to the immense delight of the audience.

And that in turn gave Herod his cue. The old fox had been in a quandary. Evidently the Jews wanted the death of this Prisoner; but what about Pilate? What did he want? It appeared that he did not find much reason to condemn the Man, and was trying to pass the burden of responsibility to Herod himself,—in fact, trying to make a fool out of me (thought Herod)! And then, this Prophet; while He certainly had not spared Herod's feeling after all that special preparation (yes, He is trying to make a fool out of me, too!), yet, there is unmistakably a kind of dignity about the Man that looks dangerous, to say the least. (Better not make Him another John the Baptist!)

Very well, I'll show them; I'll show them all. You there,—that robe, that's just the thing; leave it on Him; fasten it about His shoulders. The Fellow is nothing but a half-wit. We'll not waste any more time on Him. Send Him back to Pilate still bound, but wearing the robe of a fool!

And the infinite Wisdom went forth from Herod's court dressed like a fool.



Builders

In the last century Catholics in the United States have built:

20,000 churches and chapels.

10,000 schools, in which annually 2½ million young people are educated by teachers.

800 hospitals with 95,000 beds,

600 other institutions, providing for 65,000 orphans and 20,000 aged people.

Truly a record for which God should be thanked!



Side Glances

By the Bystander

The Association of Catholic Trade Unionists (commonly referred to as the ACTU) held its first national convention since before the war and the third in its history in early July of this year. This organization should be known to all Americans who have a sincere desire to be well informed on all matters pertaining to social and economic justice, to all partisans of either capital or labor in the disputes that arise between them, and to all Catholics who want to know what other Catholics are doing to promote social justice and industrial peace. The ACTU is not as yet strong and powerful in numbers, and its total effort to enlighten people on the truths and principles involved in industrial and labor disputes cannot even be brought into comparison with the propaganda expenditures of organizations like that of the National Association of Manufacturers. Yet its constitution, basic principles, type of membership, competence to present facts, and announced program, all recommend it to the serious consideration of those who feel the need of expert help and leadership in working or even speaking in behalf of industrial peace. Surely it should win the support of all Catholics in the labor movement, no matter what their capacity or position.



First, a word or two about the make-up of the ACTU. It is composed of a National Chapter and local chapters organized on diocesan lines. Membership in any chapter is open to all Catholics who are members of *bona fide* unions, and who are willing to accept, adhere to and sign the following pledge: "I hereby pledge to abide by all the teachings and practices of my Catholic faith, including those teachings expressed in the Social Encyclicals of Leo XIII, Pius XI and Pius XII in their entirety. I pledge to do my utmost to oppose Fascists, Communists, Nazis, and racketeers and their philosophies and their adherents. I pledge that I will abide by all the rules and regulations of the ACTU and the chapter to which I belong. I promise to be a faithful member of my union, to maintain my dues, and to attend meetings regularly." It is a

part of the program of each ACTU chapter to receive corporate Communion quarterly or at least annually, to sponsor retreats and days of recollection, to take active part in parish sodality and society activities, and to foster devotion to Christ the worker and to the Holy Ghost. Evidently this sort of program is bound to attract men of high character and spirituality and to make whatever they have to offer in behalf of social justice worth hearing. The inspiration for the formation of the ACTU came from the words of Pope Pius XI, who, in speaking of the importance of unions for workmen, added these words: "Side by side with these unions there should always be associations zealously engaged in imbuing and forming their members in the teaching of religion and morality, so that they in turn may be able to permeate the unions with that good spirit which should direct them in all their activities." A fourfold objective is accepted as the overall aim of every ACTU chapter: 1) to bring all Catholic workmen into the unions of their occupation and choice. 2) To bring all Catholic union members into the ACTU. 3) To assist the labor unions, wherever feasible, by lawful support of just demands. 4) To spread among all people the social teachings of the Church, and the idea that it is a religious duty to aid the reform of society according to a definite set of principles taken from the social teachings of the Church."



The ACTU has always worked in close association with and dependence upon the bishops and appointed chaplains of the areas in which it was organized. No clearer proof that it does work with the Catholic hierarchy need be adduced than the fact that two Cardinals (Cardinal Spellman of New York and Cardinal Mooney of Detroit), and several archbishops and bishops sent greetings to the July convention of this year, most of them expressing enthusiastic admiration of the Association's work. Cardinal Mooney, especially, situated strategically as he is in the heart of a great manufacturing district, has repeatedly

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and publicly commended the ACTU program and activities. The ACTU has a national labor paper called *The Labor Leader*, published in New York, and the Detroit chapter has its own local paper also called *The Labor Leader*. It is from these organs that anyone can obtain the best inside information on facts of the labor movement, (e.g. who are the Communists in specific unions, the background of various strikes, etc.) as well as a continuous commentary on the principles of social justice as applied to special issues.



The resolutions adopted at the ACTU convention this year were not, as too often convention resolutions are, mere platitudes or general remarks. They bit right into some of the major issues of the hour. Among them were the following: 1) Vigorous opposition to the Taft-Hartley Labor Management Act was expressed, with a determination to campaign for its repeal. At the same time American unions were urged to reject the advice of those who propose general strikes and techniques of violence and class war as means of expressing their opposition. 2) An earnest appeal was made and sent to the heads of the AFL and the CIO to take immediate steps toward unifying the American labor front. 3) The president of the CIO, Mr. Phil Murray, was commended for his action in replacing the Communist editor of the CIO News with a truly American, non-Communist labor-union man. 4) There were resolutions: Urging the raising of the minimum wage standard of forty cents an hour to an amount commensurate with ordinary living costs; calling on American unions to eliminate from their ranks every form of discrimination, especially

against Negroes; advocating that Catholic high school directors incorporate some teaching on the social encyclicals and some outline of parliamentary procedure in their curricula, in view of the fact that the majority of high school graduates take up trades or industrial work and need to be prepared to take a part in union activity; recommending industry councils in all plants employing labor, in which labor, management and government might together work out regulations for each industry, and so insure full employment, fair prices and fair wages, production to the needs of the nation and just distribution of the profits. These recommendations were also made: In view of the need for proper home and family life and of more adequate housing programs and slum-clearance, it was urged that all groups at all affecting building work take a united action, and that Congress enact the Ellender-Taft-Wagner Housing Bill; American labor unions should press profit-sharing plans in their contracts with capital, that workers may share in the fruits of industry and feel the sense of ownership; support should be given to amendments to the Social Security law in the light of present day price increases; ACTU would promote governmental family allowances to help meet modern problems threatening the nation's family life; it would have the public authorities, through private citizens, investigate the question of government ownership of "certain forms of property" as indicated in the Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*; ACTU reaffirms the right of public employees to organize, bargain collectively and strike; the President and Congress are called upon to enact laws in the light of the Latimer Report looking to guaranteed-wage plans for workers.



Same Old Atheist

On the subject of atheism, Francis Bacon several hundred years ago made some shrewd observations which are as applicable today as they were in his time:

"It appeareth in nothing more, that atheism is rather in the lip than in the heart of a man, than by this; that atheists will ever be talking of that their opinion, as if they fainted in it within themselves, and would be glad to be strengthened by the consent of others; nay more, you shall have atheists strive to get disciples, as it fareth with other sects: and which is most of all, you shall have some of them that will suffer for atheism, and not recant, whereas if they did truly think there was no such thing as God, why should they trouble themselves? . . . They that deny a God destroy man's nobility, for certainly man is kin to the beasts by his body; if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature."



Catholic Anecdotes

Found Wanting

A certain minister of state in Holland who died some years ago, although not a Catholic, had a great esteem for the Catholic religion, and thought very little of the half-hearted Catholics he encountered who were ashamed of their faith, as the following incident clearly manifests.

A young man came to him on one occasion seeking employment in the service of the government. Among many other questions, the official asked him:

"What religion do you belong to?"

The young man, mistaking the purpose of the question, and willing to sacrifice his convictions, replied:

"I am a Catholic, but I do not really care much whether I continue to be one or not."

But to the young man's surprise, the Minister answered him:

"Then I have no appointment for you. You were brought up in a very great and holy religion, and you do not know how to prize the privilege that is yours. It is my conviction that a poor Catholic is not fit for the service of the king, because he does not know how to serve his God."

And with these words, the interview ended, and the young man was disappointed in his request.

Friends Waiting

"My children," said the Cure of Ars, in one of his sermons, "With whom shall we be in heaven? With God who is our Father; with Jesus Christ, Who is our Brother; with the Blessed Virgin,

who is our Mother; with the angels and saints, who are our friends.

"A king in his last moments said with regret: 'Must I, then, leave my kingdom to go to a country where I know no one?' This was because he had never thought of the happiness of heaven. Let us make friends for ourselves in heaven now, that we may meet them again after death."

Pots of Gold

Phythius, King of Lydia, was, according to the legend, a very wealthy monarch, but also extremely avaricious and miserly.

The queen determined to cure him of this vice, and one day when the king returned from a hunting expedition and sat down at the table, he found it covered with dishes filled with nothing but freshly minted gold coins.

The king's eyes sparkled, as they always did at the sight of money, but it was not long before the pangs of hunger began to assert themselves, and he called out for food.

"But isn't this what you love most in life—all this gold?" asked the queen.

"Yes, but it can't satisfy my hunger."

"Then you are very foolish indeed."

"Why do you say that?" said the king, in anger.

"Because you have such a great passion for something which is utterly useless to satisfy the needs of your body or your spirit while it remains shut up in your coffers."

According to the legend, the king profited by this little lesson in generosity.



Pointed Paragraphs

No Defense of Psychiatry

Interesting from many angles was the storm which centered around the head of Monsignor Fulton Sheen as a result of a sermon recently delivered at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. The famous Catholic Hour speaker directed a series of derogatory remarks against present-day psychiatrists, and ended by asserting that psycho-analysis was nothing but a form of escapism. Newsmen, ever on the alert, pounced upon his statements and splashed them over the front pages of the newspapers. Immediately things began to happen.

It so happened that at the time the story appeared a convention of psychiatrists was being held in St. Paul, and the reaction of these eminent worthies was, naturally enough, instantaneous and violent. Several prominent Catholic psychiatrists stated with varying degrees of warmth that the Monsignor was talking through his biretta, and they underscored their remarks by pointing out that they themselves worked hand in hand with priests in affording the opportunity for psychiatric consultation, and could, if need be, call upon these priests to testify that their science was securing good results.

Next, the newspapers carried a story to the effect that Dr. Frank J. Curran of St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, and psychiatric consultant for the diocese, had resigned in protest against Monsignor Sheen's remarks which, he stated, had not been "withdrawn or clarified" by the diocesan authorities.

There are several reflections that occur to us in connection with this edifying series of events. One is the fact, which will probably occasion much surprise among our Protestant friends, that there is considerable liberty of expression allowed within the Catholic Church. Catholics are, of course, strongly united in essentials pertaining to faith and morals, with a unity that stems from Christ Himself. But beyond the field of faith and morals, there is a wide area of thought in which there is probably more variance of opinion among Catholics than in any other organized group. In labor questions, in literature, and in medicine you will find all shades of opinion among Catholics who would nevertheless cheerfully die together for the same truths in religion.

Our own opinion is that Monsignor Sheen was both hasty and extreme in his observations on the merits of psychiatry. There is no question at all in our minds but that this science has a definite contribution to make in the treatment of certain nervous ailments and maladjustments.

On the other hand, it is not difficult for us to understand how Monsignor was betrayed into impatience after coming in contact, as he must so often have done, with the sad results of the quackery and, what is worse, downright materialism of so many pseudo-experts in the field, steeped in Freudian sex-images and paying no homage whatsoever to any recognizable code of morality. There is surely no department of medicine in which the weeds are more in

evidence than in this, the latest field to be cultivated.

If the good and honest and humble psychiatrists throughout the country are hurt by Monsignor Sheen's rather intemperate remarks, we can only hope that they will not follow Dr. Curran's example and, like Achilles, sulk within their tents, but instead will bend every effort to prove by their success that theirs is an essential service to a sick and fretful world.

"Fighting" for One's Religion

The attack against the Catholic Church, generally made in good faith, goes on apace. Our educational system, our marriage legislation, our connection with Rome and almost everything else that we have and do come in for constant whackings from the misinformed and the malicious. How should we Catholics react to these unceasing attacks?

There is such a thing as too much "fight" in our system. There were Catholic chaplains in the war who were forever going about with a chip on their shoulders. They would take issue with their Protestant brothers of the cloth on every conceivable occasion. Sometimes they did more harm to the Church than good. There is also such a thing as fighting for the wrong thing, or rather, becoming disturbed over a question of minor importance. An example of this latter misdirected zeal is the moving picture "Going My Way." Some Catholics were quite angry over various hidden meanings that they read into the movements and words of Barry Fitzgerald and Bing Crosby. In fact, they made so much noise over "Going My Way" that they were voiceless when "Duel in the Sun" began to peddle its pernicious wares. I mean, people did not take their latter criticism seriously be-

cause they had lost faith in the validity of their critical powers.

Charity should be the motivating force in all Catholic rejoinders to anti-Catholic attacks. Nothing should be said for the purpose of giving hurt to anyone, no matter what may be said against the Faith. Argument should be built without the need of going into personalities. If the Catholic position cannot stand on its own feet, then better that it fall.

The only time that Catholics have to take a firm and uncompromising stand is when faith or morals are at stake. Then they must be like the martyrs—ready to give up their life rather than give up what they know is right and true. Catholic young people should be most gracious and kindly to their non-Catholic neighbors. But that does not mean that they have to keep steady company with their non-Catholic neighbors. Catholic business men should be most charitable with their fellow-business men. That does not mean that they have to take part in the sharp practices of their fellow-business men. Charity is not a permission to commit sin.

The best answer that a Catholic can give to all the attacks that are being made on his beliefs is the answer of a good life. His mere walking down the street will be a refutation to those who want to see and know, to the false things that are said about his religion. The Cure d'Ars converted as many people by his presence as he did by his words.

Second-Rate News

Many of our readers doubtless noticed in the papers the news item of recent date which described a rather strange happening in a California village. A very intense brush fire, such as are common to that region, began to

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sweep over the surrounding terrain, and, with the wind behind it, pushed vigorously towards a Catholic hospital. The firemen were at hand, but professed themselves unable to avert the impending disaster. Thereupon the priest in attendance at the hospital fell upon his knees before the building and invoked the intercession of the recently canonized Mother Cabrini. Then, as the fire-chief (presumably a non-Catholic) later described it, a remarkable thing happened. With no noticeable change in the direction of the wind, the wall of fire suddenly halted its advance, and the hospital was spared. The chief was quoted as professing himself unable to offer any natural explanation of the phenomenon which, we imagine, must have been in the nature of a sensation to those who observed it.

What struck us in the account carried by the secular newspapers was the fact that practically all of them saw fit to relegate the item to an inside page, and to allow it only a short and inconclusive paragraph.

Now we have no intention of stating categorically that a miracle was worked in the circumstances as they were given to us. Only a few meagre details were afforded, and no one could be expected to reach a definite conclusion in such a matter unless he had access to all the facts. But what strikes us as strange is that the newspapers, professedly concerned with strange and unusual happenings, did not search out the full story and present it with screaming headlines and fulsomeness of detail. If there is anything stranger or more unusual than a happening of this sort, it would be difficult to discover what it is.

We can imagine what ran through the minds of the various editors of the secular papers to whose attention this

item was brought. When an event takes place which seemingly has no explanation in the natural order, they would not in a hundred years be guilty of identifying it as a "miracle." It might be an "alleged miracle," but in most non-Catholic circles acceptance of miracles or even discussion of miracles in the strict sense of the word, namely, events in which the laws of nature are prevented from operating by supernatural power, is considered not in good taste and even bordering on the indecent.

Some of them might even go so far as a certain minister with whom the writer was associated in an army camp during the last war. This minister belonged to a sect known as the Disciples of Christ. One day our conversation turned somehow or other on the subject of the miracles worked by Christ, and the discussion had not proceeded very far before this worthy individual remarked with considerable superciliousness:

"If, like St. Peter, I were to see Christ walking towards me on the water, I would say: 'Do it again!'"

This clinching argument, of course, put an end to our discussion.

A miracle, of course, before it can be accepted, must be based upon facts which are readily susceptible of investigation. Either the facts are as stated, or they are not. One might suppose that the newspapers would be interested in searching out the facts. Unfortunately, editors, if not infected with materialism themselves, feel themselves under obligation to please their materialistic readers. And, of course, the final retort of the materialist in the face of a miracle is: "Even if what you say is true, I still don't believe it!"

Depression

A depression came after the first world war. Therefore, it is argued, a depression must come as a result of the last world war. People are holding their breath, waiting and worrying, and wondering how they will ever be able to stand it if all of a sudden their fine wages, their beautiful homes, their expensive cars, are swept away, and the disgrace of poverty once more falls upon them. The very thought is unbearable.

There are many people of prominence and position who say that there is not going to be any depression this time. They admit that a slight recession may sweep over the country; but there will not, there cannot be the financial debacle that marked the late '20's and early '30's of half a generation ago. We are not in a position to say whether they are right or wrong in their wishful thinking. Nobody wants a depression. But that does not say that nobody will have a depression.

Good people are not too worried whether they themselves *personally* are set aside for poverty or not. They have sense enough to know that when they die, they shall lose everything of a material nature, no matter what they had here below, for no one yet has been known to take it with him when he goes. And the only ones who would really suffer from a depression are the ones who are already up in years. The young have a resiliency that enables them to bounce back from any disaster. Therefore, a financial depression on earth is only a prelude of a few years to the final depression, when even the millionaire will leave this life without a single penny to buy his way into heaven. "Shrouds have no pockets." It seems silly for a man of sixty or even fifty to give way to despair at the thought of losing money

in view of the fact that that man's life is almost over anyway. If he raised his children rightly, he doesn't have to worry about their future; they'll be able to take care of themselves. If he did not raise them rightly, all the money in the Federal Reserve Bank will not secure for them happiness in life. Thus, he need have no concern for the welfare of his family. Why, then, should the thought of a possible depression bring so much trepidation to so many people?

The answer is simple—they do not know the purpose of life. They gather from the moving pictures and the magazine stories and the schools and universities that the main reason of existence is to become well-off, to acquire the respectability that is associated with possessions. They spend their lives in acquiring possessions, and thereby consider themselves as having fulfilled their purpose and reached their true destiny. When their possessions are taken away from them, they become so confused that there is nothing left for them but the oblivion of death. They have failed in "making something" of their lives.

The real Catholic, on the other hand, fully realizes that heaven is his true home, and that he arrives at that true home partially through his own efforts. If possessions come his way, he accepts them, but with misgivings. Possessions can cause a man to get lost in the all-important journey. He is afraid for himself and for his family. Thus, it is no tragedy to him to find himself of a sudden stripped of these dangers. Thank God, he says, as he picks out a nice shovel to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow through the excavating of ditches. A man can't make a mistake, at least an eternal mistake, by being poor. He can make an awful one by being rich.



Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

History of Heresies

Chapter VIII. Heresies of the Eighth Century

The Iconoclast Heresy (Cont.):

In the year 741, after his kingdom had been preyed upon by the Saracens, famine and pestilence, Leo died in excruciating torments, and left the kingdom to his son, Constantine Copronymous. Constantine, if possible, outdid his father in cruelty, persecuting the Catholics during practically the whole of his 34 years as emperor. It was during his reign that Anastasius, the false patriarch of Constantinople, was publicly humiliated by being scourged through the streets of Constantinople while seated backwards upon an ass. He died a disgusting death shortly afterwards without showing any signs of repentance.

Constantine died in torment in the year 775, himself exclaiming that he was being burned alive by an internal fire for the many insults he had offered the sacred images of the Mother of God. His son, Leo IV, succeeded him. For a

while he pretended to be a protector of the Church, but when his rule was firmly established he renewed the persecutions of his father. Shortly afterwards, however, he died a death similar to that of his father. His wife, the empress Irene, who had never wavered in her faith, thereupon assumed the government in the name of her 10 year old son, Paul, and was instrumental in ending the persecution, restoring the Catholic religion, and assembling the Council of Nice.

This Council, held in the year 787, condemned the heresy of the Iconoclasts, defined the Catholic doctrine on the cult of sacred images, and excommunicated those who dare to hold the contrary. Some attempts were made to revive the heresy by a number of emperors in the East in the 9th century and groups of heretics in the West as late as the 12th and 15th centuries.

Chapter IX. Heresies of the Ninth Century

The Greek Schism:

During the reign of the emperor Michael, the Church of Constantinople was governed by the Patriarch St. Ignatius. The son of a former emperor, likewise named Michael, Ignatius was educated among the austerities and penances of a monastery. So renowned did he become for his sanctity that, upon the death of Methodius, Bishop of Constantinople, he was unanimously se-

lected to occupy the See. Because of his determined defense of the faith and the Church, however, Ignatius gained for himself many powerful enemies. Among them were Bardas, an uncle of the emperor, Photius, and Gregory, Bishop of Syracuse.

The brother of the empress Theodora, Bardas' sole ambition was to usurp the kingdom of his nephew, and he employed all the cunning and cruelty of

his nature to further his ambition. Ignatius especially incurred his wrath when he publicly rebuked Bardas for putting away his wife and living publicly with his widowed daughter-in-law. Bardas refused to heed the admonitions of the saintly patriarch and one day dared to appear at church to participate in the Sacred Mysteries. Ignatius fearlessly expelled him from communion with the faithful. Whereupon, Bardas threatened to kill the patriarch, and from that moment did all in his power to bring him into disrepute at the court. Finally, on November 23, 858, he succeeded in having Ignatius banished to the island of Terebinth.

The court, thereupon, chose the impious and ambitious Photius to be the Patriarch of Constantinople. Photius was a very learned and rich man. But he was a layman and, moreover, an adherent of the schismatic Bishop Gregory of Syracuse who had formed a faction against Ignatius and who had been deposed from his bishopric by the latter in a council about the year 854. Photius was ordained by Gregory and took possession of the See.

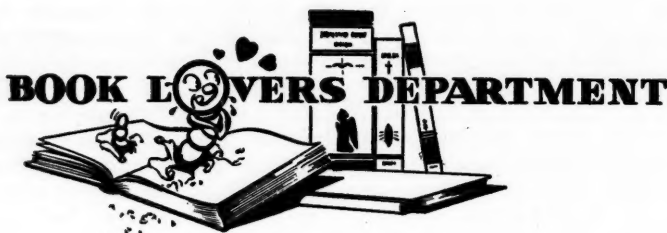
Scarcely six months had elapsed before Photius began to torment and persecute Ignatius. He endeavored by torture and cunning to force the patriarch to renounce his office. Upon witnessing such barbarous cruelty, the bishops of the province of Constantinople assembled in a council, declared Photius deposed, and excommunicated him and all who recognized him as patriarch. Photius, in his turn, assembled another council, excommunicated St. Ignatius, deposed the complaining bishops, and cast them into prison with St. Ignatius. Finally, after being treated cruelly, they were all banished to the island of Lesbos.

Under the pretext of stamping out

the remains of the Iconoclast heresy, Photius and the emperor Michael requested Pope Nicholas to send two legates to the East. Since Nicholas had heard nothing of his deposition from Ignatius himself he commanded the legates to obtain information concerning it. When the legates arrived at Constantinople, however, they were not permitted to communicate with Ignatius or his followers. For a long time they refused to submit to the will of the emperor, but after eight months they gave in.

Photius assembled a Council in Constantinople and Ignatius was summoned to appear before the legates of the Pope. When he realized, however, that they had been won over by the emperor and Photius, he appealed from their judgment to that of the Sovereign Pontiff himself. Despite this appeal, Ignatius was deposed by the Council for 'tyrannical government of the Church and the use of his office for political purposes.' Following this new deposition Ignatius was again cruelly tortured. Finally he managed to escape. Then it was that an earthquake shook Constantinople for forty days. At this judgment of God the emperor and Bardas permitted the Saint to return to his monastery and to live in peace, though he was later again sent into exile.

When the legates returned to Rome, they were censured severely by Pope Nicholas for deposing Ignatius. Nicholas wrote letters to the emperor and to all the faithful of the East stating that Ignatius had never been deposed and demanding that they adhere to this judgment. In two separate Councils, held in the year 863 in the Vatican and Lateran basilicas, the two unfaithful legates were excommunicated and deposed, Photius was deprived of his office and the sacerdotal dignity.



CATHOLIC AUTHORS

Graham Greene, 1906

I. Life:

Graham Greene was born on October 2, in Berkhamstead, England. His parents were from the upper middle-class. Mr. Greene was the headmaster of the Berkhamstead school which Graham later attended. After finishing the preparatory course he entered Balliol College, Oxford. While at the University he was the editor of *The Oxford Outlook*. Greene became sub-editor of the *Nottingham Journal* after his graduation. From 1926 until 1930 he was with the *London Times*. At various times he has had roving assignments from the *Spectator*. In 1926 Mr. Greene married Miss Vivien Dayrell-Browning. During the years 1935 to 1939 he served as film critic for the *Spectator*. During the late war he was engaged in war work. He is a convert to the Catholic Church. He now lives in England with his wife and two children.

II. Writings:

Greene is a modern novelist who deals with Catholic topics in his books. Like many of the great convert novelists he is not too well understood by Catholics. Catholics as a rule shy away from the so-called "realists" who write of the problems that concern modern man. Non-Catholics are better able to appreciate the work of Greene, though they are a bit bewildered by his Catholic themes. Greene loves to deal with the tremendous problem of good and evil in the world. He is not so concerned with legal right and wrong, nor with natural good and evil, but with the forces of supernatural good and evil at work in the souls of men. He never condones the evil that he pictures, nor does he overemphasize the details of the evil. His style is very provocative and suggestive of undertones of meaning. His characters are not like the conventional two-dimensioned figures of

much of our Catholic literature.

Several of his books have been mystery stories—with a difference. *This Gun for Hire* is a story of the London underworld. In this book Greene manifests the pity for his characters that is so much a part of his work. *The Ministry of Fear* and *The Confidential Agent* are stories of intrigue and espionage. Several of his books have arisen from his travels. *Another Mexico* records his impressions of that country; *Journey Without a Map* relates his travels in Africa. In *Brighton Road* Greene draws the picture of a boy who is not merely bad, but thoroughly evil.

III. The Book:

One of the most highly discussed Catholic novels of recent years is Greene's greatest book: *The Labyrinthine Ways*. In England this novel was published as *The Power and the Glory*. Critics have varied in their evaluations, from a "great Catholic novel" to a travesty of "Catholic Mexico." The central figure is a "whiskey priest" who is hunted down during the religious persecution in Mexico. It is the story of a weak priest who never completely throws overboard his ideals of duty. He wavers between duty and sin. Even in the midst of his sin he is never entirely removed from a sense of his own obligations. His motives at times seem too natural. Finally he goes to certain death by daring to administer the last Sacraments to a dying man. He never quite achieves true greatness even in this last act of his life. The pity that so predominates in the novels of the author is shown to the weak, vacillating character of the priest. This is not a true picture of the state of the clergy in Mexico, but does tell the story of a possible figure in the persecution. Mature Catholics may like this novel. It is a gripping and dramatic tale.

September Book Reviews

A Catholic Novel—The field of the Catholic novel is being expanded and improved. A recent novel is *Paradise Alley* (Bruce, 248 pp., \$2.75) by John D. Sheridan. The author is a former Irish school teacher and his story is about a school teacher. Anthony Domican is the last of a line of Irish teachers that began when his grandfather returned from Salamanca. Anthony teaches the "dead-end kids" who live near the docks in Dublin. He loves these boys who have so little chance to win in the battle against poverty, disease and vice. During the forty years of his contact with them Anthony becomes a part of the lives of those who live in *Paradise Alley*. He wins his spurs in this rough neighborhood by flooring a belligerent parent who came to "thrash" him. But the great qualities were his kindness and patience. He is a true teacher who is so much in love with his work that he would not leave it for higher paying positions in other fields. Several characters are featured in the book. Canon, later Archdeacon, Dunphy is the parish priest who loves his flock and rules by indirection in the use of parables and cryptic utterances. Joe Dooley, the "Canon's Man" is the one who drives the short-lived Canon's car and takes care of the school. He the unhandiest handy man that ever lived. Ned Bolger is the enterprising former pupil of Anthony who makes good as a merchant. *Paradise Alley* also tells the family life of its teacher.

This is a good novel, but not a great one. The characters are not of the stature that makes for greatness in the novel. But this is a simple tale that is well told. It is not the unrealistic sugary stuff that sometimes passes for a Catholic novel. It is a little difficult to follow the changes of names. The Tom Lehanty of page 33 emerges as Joe Lehanty on page 173. The Sullivan of page 2 quickly changes into O'Sullivan on page 4 and finally returns to his first name on page 235.

The Holy Family—Reverend Francis L. Filas, S.J., the author of the popular life of St. Joseph, *The Man Nearest to Christ*, has written a book on *The Family for Families* (Bruce, 136 pp., \$2.50). This is the story of the Holy Family. The book is a very delightful combination of facts about the Holy Family and reflections on the application of these events to modern families. Many of the ordinary details about their daily lives are told to us. From hints in the Scriptures, and from

the findings of archaeology, Father Filas reconstructs many little known facts about the routine of a day in the home at Nazareth. He tells some interesting details about the food, clothing and homes of the ordinary artisan's family at the time of Christ. A map shows the relative positions and distances of the Biblical places that figure in the life of the Holy Family. The exact time of the birth of Christ is also discussed and the mistake of the sixth century about the calendar is mentioned. Some of the popular misconceptions about the circumstances of the birth of Christ are corrected. He shows that it was not a white Christmas, since snow does not remain long on the ground in Palestine. The real reason why Joseph was refused admittance to the inn was not the coldness of the innkeeper, but the fact that there was no room for them. The ten chapters of this book include the events up until the separation of the Holy Family by the death of St. Joseph before the public life of Christ began. The concluding pages mention the separation of Christ and Mary that commenced when Christ was thirty and finished three years later. Each chapter follows a pattern. First the Gospel story is told, then applications are made to modern conditions.

This is an excellent book of its kind. Catholics will enjoy a readable presentation of the ordinary facts of the lives of the Holy Family. Married people, engaged couples and priests who are called on to speak to married people, will find much of great value and inspiration in *The Family for Families*. We hope that Father Filas will continue to write such books for the benefit of the Catholic people in the United States.

The Wisdom of God—Men are today searching for a peace plan that will insure the reign of justice and charity. Reverend Fidelis Rice, C.P., writes that the only true peace must be found in *The Wisdom of God* (McMullen, 116 pp., \$1.75). This Wisdom can be found only in the Cross of Christ. The book is a paraphrase of the words that St. Paul wrote to the proud Corinthians. "But we, for our part, preach a crucified Christ—to the Jews indeed a stumbling-block and to the Gentiles foolishness, but to those who are called, both Jews and Gentiles, Christ, the power and the wisdom of God." Father Rice shows how the Cross of Christ is the supreme wisdom for all men, that all systems of life rise and fall according to whether they follow

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or abandon the wisdom of the Cross. The modern methods of life are measured and found wanting. Nazism, with its twisted cross, placed all nobility and hope of salvation in the greatness of Aryan blood, forgetting that only the Blood of Christ assures salvation. Communism teaches that the only things of value in life are material goods, denying the worth of the things of the spirit. It would applaud the action of the soldiers who were interested only in the division of the spoils at the cast of the dice. Even democracy contains a potential danger as was manifest in the mob rule that demanded the death of Christ. Our Holy Father points out that the majority can rule only when they are in the right, and in accordance with the scale of values set up by the Cross. Father Rice has written a very original work. He insists that the blueprint for the new world order must come from the Cross. These articles were published, in modified form, in the *Sign*. In the book they are so dramatic and forceful that they could be used for preaching just as they are. Originality and beauty of thought and style are the distinctive features of *The Wisdom of God*.

Mariology — The second volume of the classic work on *Mariology* (Herder, 287 pp., \$3.00) by Reverend Joseph Scheeben has been translated. It deals with the fullness of Grace that Mary possessed and her role as mediatrix. In the first part the fullness of Grace that Mary had from the moment of her conception is explained. A lengthy discussion of the controversy over the Immaculate Conception is also found in this part. The second section is concerned with Mary's position as the advocate of men and the mediatrix of all Graces. Scheeben reveals his wide knowledge of the Fathers of the Church in this book. *Mariology* is one of the standard theological works that should be in the libraries of all seminaries.

This Tremendous Lover—The Irish Trappist Monk, Father M. Eugene Boylan, has written a very important book on the spiritual life. *This Tremendous Lover* (Newman, 345 pp., \$3.00) is a complete exposition for all Catholics of the fundamental principles of the Catholic life. The Mystical Body of Christ furnishes the unifying principle of the volume. In the author's own words: "This book is an attempt to outline that love-story of God and man, which achieves its consummation in the unity of the Whole Christ; and to show that the spiritual life is a partnership of love be-

tween God and man which can be summed up in one word: Christ. "The first six chapters relate the love story of God for man which begins with the creation and continues with the redemption and the establishment of the Mystical Body of Christ. The remaining chapters show the response that man must make to the outpouring of the love of God in his life. It considers the important virtues that must be practiced in order to make the love of Christ an effective force in the life of man. The various means of increasing the love of God are also explained. There is one chapter on Mary as the Mother of the Whole Christ. (But the author promises a full book on Mary. May this promise be speedily realized!) The last chapter summarizes the entire book by paraphrasing the sentence of St. Augustine which is the theme of the work: "And there will be one Christ loving Himself."

This Tremendous Lover is very definitely not an ordinary book, such as those that appear every day. It is the work of one who has drunk deeply of the well-springs of Catholic doctrine. Father Boylan is an original writer who is a worthy successor of those masters of the spiritual life, Dom Marmion and Father Leen. Like his Irish compatriots he has an excellent grasp of the doctrinal basis of all Catholic living. This is not a book to be read at one sitting. It demands a slow reading and rereading. More and more knowledge will be attained in each successive reading. We unhesitatingly recommend *This Tremendous Lover* to all Catholics and especially to priests and religious. Seminarians would find this book a valuable supplement and extension of their courses in Dogmatic and Ascetical Theology.

Bolshevism and Religion: One of the nations that has shown the least regard for the natural law is Communistic Russia. The rights of the individual are not even considered. Above all is the natural right to worship God denied to all those who have come under the iron heel. Many books are being written to show the persecution of all forms of religious belief in Russian-dominated countries. One of the latest, *Bolshevism and Religion* (Polish Library, 96 pp., \$1.50) deals with the sad lot of religion in Poland today. The author, Wlyadyslaw Kania, has collected the testimonies of those who have felt the blows of the iron hammer. The book begins with a three page quotation from the Encyclical letter *On Atheistic Communism*. The book considers the Soviet laws and theory

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and the Soviet reality. The first part examines the laws against religion that are on the Soviet law books. It also shows how contradictory and unfair are the so called laws of religious tolerance and freedom. The testimony of those who suffered persecution for the sake of their religion is gathered in the second part of the book. It shows the brutality that was spent on those who dared to practice the religion that they had chosen. This is a propaganda book, but is well documented. It reveals details about the persecution that are undeniable. In places, the English phrasing is cumbersome.

Armchair Philosophy—Several years before

his ordination Reverend Daniel A. Lord, S.J., wrote a popular outline of the basic tenets of sound philosophy. Now almost thirty years later, *Armchair Philosophy* (Queen's Work, 128 pp., \$1.00) has been reissued. Father Lord summarizes his book by saying that only the Catholic philosophy possesses the three necessary characteristics for a true view of life: consistency, common sense, and joyousness. The important truths of the existence of God, the immortality of the soul and the goal of life are discussed in a very popular manner. This book still retains the timeliness that it had when it was first issued.

Best Sellers

A Moral Evaluation of Current Books, published at the
University of Scranton, Scranton, Pennsylvania.

I. Suitable for general reading:

Paradise Alley—*Sheridan*
Our Lady of Light—*Barthas*
The Story of the FBI—*Editors of Look*
The Magnificent Barb—*Faralla*
The Quiz Kids—*Hickok*
Dust on the King's Highway—*White*
Empire in Green and Gold—*Wilson*
Full Moon—*Wodehouse*
The Eagle and the Cross—*Loewenstein*

II. Suitable for adults only because of:

A. Contents and style too advanced for adolescents:

The Moneyman—*Costain*
Behind the Silken Curtain—*Crum*
Prince of Darkness and Other Stoires—*Powers*
Prince of Foxes—*Shallaberger*
Why They Behave Like Russians—*Fischer*
There Once was a Slave—*Graham*
Inside U.S.A.—*Gunther*
Vermilion—*Jones*
There's a Spot in My Heart—*Leslie*
Kingsblood Royal—*Lewis*
Silver Fountains—*Mackinder*
The Ebbing Tide—*Ogilvie*
Miss Withers Regrets—*Palmer*
Peace Breaks Out—*Thirkell*
Our Lady of Fatima—*Walsh*
The G.I. Story of the War—*Staff of Yank*
The Shadow of Guilt—*Bloomfield*
Where is Truth?—*Britt*
The Story of Wake Island—*Devereux*

B. Immoral incidents which do not invalidate the book as a whole:

Whispering Hill—*Albrand*
The Exodus—*Bercovici*
Untitled and Other Radio Plays—*Corwin*
The Case of the Fan-Dancer's Horse—*Gardner*
The Web of Days—*Lee*
The Black Goatee—*Little*
And Hope to Die—*Powell*
Home Port—*Prouty*
Presidential Mission—*Sinclair*
Vain Shadow—*Spence*
Moon Gaffney—*Sylvester*
The Woman in Black—*Ford*
Give Us Our Dreams—*Goertz*
The Side of the Angels—*McLaughlin*
Praise at Morning—*McNeilly*

III. Unsuitable for general reading, but permissible for discriminating adults:

Prelude to a Certain Midnight—*Kersh*
The Rediscovery of Morals—*Link*
Under the Volcan—*Lowry*
Pilgrim of the Absolute—*Bloy*

IV. Not recommended to any class of readers:

Smith Unbound—*Dilworth*
The Great Snow—*Robinson*
The Story of Mrs. Murphy—*Scott*
The Children—*Fast*
Dwight Craig—*MacRae*
Knock on Any Door—*Motley*
The Elephant and the Kangaroo—*White*



Lucid Intervals

"How did the wedding go?" asked the preacher's wife.

"Fine, my dear, until I asked if the bride would 'obey,' and she said: 'Do you think I'm crazy?'—and the groom, who was in a sort of daze, mumbled: 'I do.' Then things began to happen."

Which reminds us at once of the cafe society bum who kept seeing nitespots before his eyes and of the time another Hollywood producer called a conference of his writers to discuss the title for his new production, to be called "The Optimist." "Gentlemen," he said, "I'm afraid we must change the title to something simpler. You know and I know what an optimist is, but how many of the morons who are going to see the picture know that an optimist is an eye-doctor?"

When the operation was finished, the patient was asked how she had felt under the anaesthetic.

"It was beautiful," she said. "I thought I was in heaven till I saw the doctor."

Those two Eternal Standbys, the two drunks, were admiring a flashlight. One of them kept snapping it on and off. Finally, he aimed at the ceiling, threw a long beam of light upwards, and said challengingly to the other drunk, "Hey, Bill, betcha you can't climb up that beam!"

The other shook his head cunningly.

"No you don't," he said. "I know what you're tryinna do to me. Jus' when I get to the top, you'll turn it out!"

They were talking about the difference between men and women. "Now take letter writing, for instance," he said, "you women can never write a letter without a P.S."

"Do not be ridiculous," she scoffed right back. "I will write you next week and let you see."

The letter came as promised, and at the end of it was written: "P.S.—What did I tell you?"

Leaving his coat and hat downstairs, he quietly opened the drawing room door, where the buzz of voices announced the presence of company. Dropping on his hands and knees he entered making funny noises distinctly resembling the braying of a donkey. Aware of a dead silence, he looked up and found the guests assembled for an 8 o'clock dinner regarding him with disgust not unmixed with alarm.

The children's party was next door.

Clerk: "Do you want large or small oysters, madam?"

Newlywed: "Just medium I think. My husband wears a 15 collar."

A feminine passenger had boarded the bus after the lights had gone out. A tall man standing near her asked if he could help her find a strap.

"Thank you," she replied, "but I have already found one."

"Then I wonder if you would mind letting go of my necktie?"

Sonny: "Mama, Papa wouldn't murder anybody, would he?"

Mother: "Gracious, no! What makes you ask that?"

Sonny: "Well, I heard him down in the basement, saying, 'Let's kill the other two, George.'"

A guard from the lunatic asylum rushed up to a farmer on the road and said, "I'm looking for an escaped lunatic. Did he pass this way?"

The farmer puffed thoughtfully on his pipe. "What did he look like?" he asked.

"He's short," said the guard, "and he weighs about 350 pounds."

The farmer looked at him in amazement. "How can a man be short and still weigh 350 pounds?"

"Don't be silly," retorted the guard testily, "I told you he was crazy."

Readers May Retort

Since The Liguorian calls itself "a magazine for lovers of good reading," its editors feel that its readers should have a column in which to express themselves as displeased or in disagreement with articles and items that appear in its pages. Such a column is planned under the title: "Readers Retort."

In this column will be reproduced only expressions of distaste or disagreement with something that has appeared in The Liguorian. The column will not be used to quote those who have nothing but praise to offer. Disagreement or distaste may be expressed over the timeliness of an article, the literary style, the doctrine or opinions expressed, etc. No letter will be quoted unless it is signed and the return address given, although the wishes of those who do not want their names to be published will be respected.

At the end of each letter of disagreement, the editors will, if it is called for, set down their defense, and will quote, if any are at hand, from letters that uphold them. The column will depend, of course, both for its beginning and its continuation, on the interest of readers. If long letters are written, quotations will have to be taken from them to fit the limitations of space.

Motion Picture Guide

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR GENERAL PATRONAGE

Reviewed This Week

Gas House Kids Go West
Saddle Pals
Variety Girl

Previously Reviewed

Angels of the Streets
Apache Rose
Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer,
The
Banjo
Barber of Seville (Italian)
Bells of San Angelo
Blaze of Noon
Blondie's Big Moment
Blondie's Holiday
Bob, Son of Battle
Border Feud
Buck Privates Come Home
Buffalo Bill Rides Again
Bulldog Drummond at Bay
Carnegie Hall
Captive Heart, The
Citizen Saint
Code of the West
Cynthia
Fiesta
For the Love of Rusty
Girl on the Spot
Great Expectations
Heartaches
High Barbaree
Hit Parade of 1947
Homesteaders of Paradise
Valley
I Know Where I'm Going
I Wonder Who's Kissing Her
Now
It's a Joke Son
King of Wild Horses
Last of the Redmen, The
Late George Apley, The
Law Comes to Gunsight
Law of the Canyon
Lone Hand Texan, The
Matura-Reise (German)
Michigan Kid
Nicholas Nickleby
North of the Border
Over the Santa Fe Trail
Pacific Adventure
Perils of Pauline
Pioneer Justice
Prairie Raiders
Raiders of the South
Range Beyond the Blue
Riding the California Trail
Romance of Rosy Ridge, The
Roosevelt Story, The
Rustlers of Devil's Canyon
Sarge Goes to College
St. Francis of Assisi (Spanish)
St. Therese of Lisieux
(Re-Issue)
San Demetrio, London

Seven Keys to Baldpate
Seven Were Saved
Six Gun Serenade
Song of Scheherazade
Song of the Wasteland
South of the Chisholm Trail
Sport of Kings
Stranger from Ponca City
Swing the Western Way
That Way With Women
That's My Man
Thirteenth Hour
This Happy Breed
Three on a Ticket
Thunder Mountain
Trail to San Antonio
Trail to Vengeance
Trail Street
Trailing Danger
Twilight on the Rio Grande
Under the Tonto Rim
Vacation Days
Valley of Fear
Vigilantes of Boomtown
Vigilantes Return, The
Web of Danger
Welcome Stranger
West of Dodge City
Wild Country
Yankee Fakir

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS

Reviewed This Week

Lured
Merton of the Movies
Sepia Cinderella
Slave Girl

Previously Reviewed

Adventures, The
Arnold Affair, The
Bedelia
Big Town
Blind Spot
Boomerang
Boomtown (Re-Issue)
Brasher Doubloon, The
Brute Force
Calcutta
Carnival of Sinners (French)
Christmas Eve
Copacabana
Corpse Came C.O.D., The
Crimson Key, The
Cross Fire
Danger Street
Dark Delusion (formerly
Cynthia's Secret)
Dark Passage
Dear Ruth
Desperate
Devil Thumbs a Ride, The
Dick Tracy's Dilemma
Dishonored Lady
Easy Come Easy Go
Egg and I, The

Framed
Ghost Goes Wild, The
Great Waltz, The (Re-Issue)
Guilt of Janet Ames, The
Guilty, The
Gunfighters
Hard Boiled Mahoney
Henry the Fifth
Her First Affair (French)
Honeymoon
Hucksters, The
Hungry Hill
I Cover Big Town
Imperfect Lady
It Happened on Fifth Avenue
Ivy
Jewels of Brandenburg
Killer at Large
Lady Surrenders, A
Likely Story, A
Little Martyr, The (Italian)
Lone Wolf in Mexico, The
Long Night, The
Love and Learn
Macomber Affair, The
Millie's Daughter
Millerson Case, The
Moss Rose
Musica Proibita (Forbidden
Music) (Italian)
My Favorite Brunette
New Orleans
Northwest Outpost
Other Love, The
Philo Vance's Gamble
Philo Vance Returns
Possessed
Pursued
Queen of the Amazons
Rage in Heaven (Re-Issue)
Ramrod
Riff Raff
Santa Fe Saddlemates
Sea Wolf, The (Re-Issue)
Secrets of a Sorority Girl
Shop Girls of Paris (French)
Sin of Harold Diddlebock, The
Smash Up
Spoilers of the North
Stallion Road
Strange Woman, The
Suddenly It's Spring
That Hamilton Woman
(Re-Issue)
Tarzan and the Huntress
That's My Gal
Tiger Woman
Time, the Place, the Girl, The
Too Many Winners
Trespasser, The
Two Mrs. Carrolls, The
Undercover Maisie
Untamed Fury
Violence
Web, The
Winter Wonderland
Yank in Rome, A (Italian)
Years Between, The